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THE PRINCE OF WHALES OR THE FISHERMAN AT ANCHOR.

G. Cruikshank Sculp.

THE SCOURGE.

MAY 1, 1812.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The idea of the Caricature is taken from Milton's description of the mariners casting anchor in the scaly rind of the huge Leviathan. The characters are as follow, from the left: The Tortoise, Lord G. A Water-Spaniel, Lord G. The Rhinoceros, Mr. S.; Col. M. M.; Lord and Lady ——. A Shark, Lord C. A Porpoise, Lord T. Mr.P. A Gudgeon, Lord S. A Flat-fish, Lord M——. The two Rats, Lord W. and Mr. C. The Oyster, Bishop of B. The Great Seal, Lord E.

We can no more be regarded as responsible for the Political Satires exhibited for sale at the shop of our Publisher, than for the Evangelical Pamphlets of which he is the monthly distributor. "A little Reason and a great Regent, by Ambrose Dryswitch" has been claimed, we understand, by Anthony Pasquin; and to him be attributed whatever honor may attach to its composition.

We had hoped to receive a communication from Veritas, and from the poetical friend of Mr. Lawrence.

A correspondent informs us that Mr. Messenger Bell has announced a portrait of Mrs. Billington, in the character of SAINT Cecilia, and requests us to point out the particulars in which they resemble each other. We shall comply with his request.

The History of the House of Aspland should have been inserted, had not our number been devoted, in a fair proportion, to a similar subject.

The "names of the officers who put out the eyes of a Bear, and then bailed it," transmitted by a Brighton correspondent, should have been inserted, but for the very natural antipathy of the Editor, towards *a three years' confinement* for speaking the truth.

We thank Dr. Halloran for his good opinion, and hope with great sincerity that he may yet be enabled to rise above the persecutions of his enemies.

Wilkie's Exhibition shall be reviewed in our next number.

The *Chelsea Job* shall meet with due attention.

The correspondence between Mr. P. and an exalted personage requires to be authenticated by the submission of the originals to an inspection, or by a personal pledge on the part of our correspondent to substantiate the correctness of the copies.

Our subject of the Manchester article is no longer interesting.

In our last number among some less important errors, page 262, line 16. 'observations' are printed for 'aberrations.'

In the present, page 401, line 5, for 'claims' read 'pretensions ;' line 30, for 'the' read 'their.'

THE SCOURGE.

MAY 1, 1812.

THE REVIEWER, No. XI.

THE TREASURY POETS, AND WHARTON'S RONCESVALLES.

Till the establishment of Mr. Perceval and his friends in the lucrative offices of state, poverty was supposed to be a necessary stimulus to genius, and abstinence the best companion of poetical as well as religious inspiration. But in these happier days, the garret must yield precedence to the office, and the luxurious providers of treasury dinners, to the porrage and porter inhabitants of Grub-street. It is now admitted that the possession of office, and the prospect of a sinecure, have by no means an invariable tendency to repress the vigor or circumscribe the flights of a poetical imagination; that the portly owner of a carriage-and-four may gain the summit of Parnassus with as much facility as the ragged and pennyless pedestrian; and that to have your doors besieged by dependant suitors, is a much more pleasing interruption to the slumber of mental inactivity, than the daily visits of the harpies of the law.

In the praise of their country indeed who are so likely to excel as those who partake in the most extensive degree of the *good things* that it produces? Who can be expected to sing the exploits of Lord Wellington with more fervent enthusiasm, than they who accumulate the means of enjoyment at home, by supplying the necessities of his troops abroad; what individual is able so feelingly to record the exhaustless wealth of the British nation, as he who by

annual experiment determines the weight of its purse, and the extent of its generosity; or to whom can the task of celebrating our naval glory be committed with so much propriety as to him who supplies our dock-yards with cordage? When personal interest and personal observation combine to animate and direct the patriotism of a native poet, how cold, compared with *his*, must be the effusions of patriotism that flow from the pen of a Virgil and a Dryden!

We are not without hope, therefore, that the example so ably led by Mr. Croker and followed by the authors of various battles, after the manner of Mr. Scott, will continue to excite the rest of the treasury writers to enter the field of poetical competition. Who would not resign for ever the works of Milton, to have the pleasure of reading an ode to philosophy by Mr. Yorke, or a didactic poem by Mr. Stephen on the charms of independence? The world would be equally astonished and edified by an ode to wisdom from Lord Castlereagh; and the fame of Cowper would fade away before a translation of Casimir to his Ass by Mr. Rose. So great indeed is the emulation already excited among many worthy gentlemen connected with the public offices, that we are not without some hope of being enabled in our next number, to favor our readers with several of their most spirited and appropriate productions. Even the ardor of emulation, has extended from the treasury to the palace, and we have already in our possession a sonnet to chastity, by Lord Yarmouth, and a poetical comparison between Alexander and a great personage, by Aristotle the second, alias Mr. Bidlake.

We are surprized, however, that the authors of the Battles of Talavera, Albuera, and Barrosa, should have thought it necessary to take a poetical voyage to foreign kingdoms, when there are so many and to them so much more interesting themes of celebration within their personal observation or remembrance. The battles of the senate, and the intrigues of the back stairs would supply

them with copious materials of description and expression. Character and incident, the great requisites of poetical excellence, would to the bard of domestic contest, be always at hand: the virtuous Sheridan, whose genius would have shone forth, with still more radiant lustre, but for that amiable modesty which counteracted the full developement of his powers: the Prince himself, in whom the sternness of philosophy was subdued by native benignity of disposition, and the severity of virtue attempered by gentleness of deportment; and John Fuller, Esq. M. P. for Suffolk, a man indeed of whom it may be doubted, whether wisdom did more supremely guide his head, or dignity exalt him in all outward proportions above his fellows—these, it is to be presumed, would furnish the poet with no common selection of heroes. For incidents no man of genius could be at a loss, who has witnessed the battle of the 18th of April, between the godlike Perceval, and the sublime Whitbread; or who has had the felicity of seeing a royal an princely leg in all the majesty of *clouts! Scenery* could not be wanting to those who have once enjoyed the honor of a smile, from that most gentlemanly and intelligent personage, —— Cooke, Esq. secretary to Lord Castlereagh, or who have been honored with a sight of the Regent's bathing tub. Nor would the language of Mr. Scott, be less appropriate to subjects like these, than to "the battle blare," "On Stadelaw's unsightly wall, and ivy-circled tower," especially as there would be no danger in the description of domestic scenes, of planting ivy on a newly constructed fortification, and calling a very elegant battery, *a la Vallancey*, by the epithet unsightly. With what propriety indeed the adjectives "mild" and "merciful," could be transferred from Francis to Sir Vicary Gibbs, or "loveliest of thy sainted sex," be applied to the marchioness of a certain square, the heads of the treasury are best qualified to determine.

It is not without pleasure, however, that we confess the claim of the *treasury writers*, (for to that name we

conceive the authors of the battles of Talavera, the battles of the Danube and Barrosa, the battles of Albuera, Portugal a poem, and Roncesvalles, are equally entitled to some degree of praise, after making a liberal allowance for the peculiar advantages under which they have committed their productions to the world. The three first of these poems we must dismiss with the observation, that no poetical description of a battle, can be rendered susceptible of permanent interest, as an independant whole: it is necessary, to its full and lasting effect, that it should introduce into action, and have some influence on the fate, of persons, in whose fortune we have been previously interested, and of whose characters we have a vivid and accurate conception. We do not suppose that Messrs. Croker and Co. suppose their powers of description to be superior to those of Homer, Virgil, Dryden and Scott; yet it will be found that the combats of these great poets, excite no comparative interest, but as they are connected with the progress of the story, or as they develope the characters, and suspend or determine the fate of the heroes of the narrative. Nor is it sufficient that of the life and character of the heroes of a combat, there are other memorials: to become the agent in a poetical contest, the principal personage should be introduced to our notice in a poetical garb and attitude, divested of the vulgar or tawdry accompaniments of common life, and girded for battle.

Mr. Wharton is a gentleman of cultivated taste, embued with more than a usual portion of classical and literary knowledge, and capable of applying the stores that he has accumulated with peculiar felicity, to the subject before him. He does not pretend, we believe, to the minute research of the verbal critic; but whenever an apt quotation or allusion from ancient or modern languages, can embellish or elucidate his theme of composition, his memory calls it to his use, and his taste directs him to its skilful and appropriate application. It has perhaps contributed to the excellence, both of his prose

and his poetry, that he has chiefly studied the more early models of English composition. He is a submissive disciple of the old school; he regards Dryden as the model of English versification, and Johnson as the Seneca of English literature. In his prose style, therefore, he is more remarkable for chaste but easy volubility than for eloquence; and his poetical productions, while they are characterized by an equable flow of nervous versification, are seldom distinguished by grace of expression, or enthusiasm of sentiment. His compositions, in their general outline, remind the reader of Dryden's Versification of Palemon and Arcite; and it is no mean praise to say of Mr. Wharton, that, his versifications of Chaucer are scarcely inferior in elegance or spirit to those of Dryden.

That the poem of Roncesvalles will obtain any share of popularity, we shall not flatter Mr. Wharton by supposing. The scenery, the characters and the incidents, are so familiar to the scholar, as to awaken no sentiment but regret that they should be taken out of the hands, in which they had hitherto remained, and brought before the English public in any other shape than a translation; while to the multitude of readers, the manners and allusions scattered through the work, must be equally strange and destitute of interest. A short poem founded on the Witcheries of Urganda, and the exploits of Orlando, might be received with some degree of curiosity; but a production in twelve books, extending through 350 quarto pages, will never command an extensive circulation, by the mere unconnected introduction of Lord Wellington and the Spaniards, into the beginning or the middle of a canto, some years after the other parts of the work have been completed. Nor does the fable consist of a series of dependent and connected incidents, all tending to one great end: the story is composed of incident and counter-incident: of spell versus spell; and of unconnected accidents that impede or accelerate the *denouement* at the pleasure of the author. Mr.

Wharton, however, though his expression is sometimes awkward, and his rhymes often incorrect, deserves in his more fortunate passages the praise of a versification regular without monotony, and vigorous without harshness; melodious in its cadence, yet various in its measure, and uniting energy with mellifluence, in a degree unusual to the numerous manufactures of the heroic couplet.

The subjoined extract though harsh and incorrect, affords a favourable example of his dexterity in the imitation of his Italian originals.

But Ferrau now crazed with tenfold fears,
Urganda's curses echoing in his ears,
Discumbered from the steed his flight renewed,
Deeming himself alone the man pursued:
Orlando's menace rode on every gale,
The hissing sabre and the rattling mail,
And ever and anon his mind misgave
Over his casqueless head that steel to wave,
Fierce as the felon's heart had been before
When trusting in his own resistless power,
So once that fury quelled, convinced his pride
That strength superior might in man reside,
He trembled: to an abject fear resigned:
For firmness dwells not in a savage mind.

* * * *

As the steed snorted o'er a deep ravine
Stretching his fury and the foe between,
Orlando sprung indignant from his seat,
And like a famished tiger plied his feet,
Bounding from rock to rock, from cleft to cleft;
And at each spring less hope of safety left,
To him who flying felt his sinews fail,
And his speed droop, when speed might most avail.
As o'er the unlevel surface of the deep,
Two ships before the gale their progress keep,
Pursuing and pursued; and now on high,
The foremost strikes her eager follower's eye;
Then sinks beneath the billows; now the one,
Now on the waves aloft, the other, thrown;

So fared Anglante's knight and *Ferrau*;
The rocks and glens obstructed oft their view.
But onward still the Pagan urged his way,
The christian breathing death pursued his prey,
Two master streams there were whose channels wide,
Swallowing the rage of many a lesser tide,
The swains with homely skill and patient care,
Had bridged, ere Roncesvalles shook with war.
But at that hour when discord late befell,
O'er Etna, 'twixt the sovereigns of the spell,
Its influence with such force o'er nature came,
That the earth trembled to its inmost frame,
Then were those arches burst: again the tide,
Progress to all forbad from side to side,
Save to Lanfusa's son: the nearer shore,
Reaching by paths he oft had trod before.
He bounded o'er the chasm, at stretch 'tis true—
But touched the further bank, and onward flew,
Orlando came: he sprung across the surge,
And many a fathom pitched beyond its verge,
Gaining at every footfall on his foe,
And aiming in his thought the deadly blow:
Thus hurried they: and nearer now they sped,
Where the thick woods extend a friendly shade,
When in the second bridge the Iberian saw,
Riv'n in that shock of things a second flaw,
And underneath, the stream, that made its way,
Whirling with eddies deep, and rough with yellow spray.
Stupendous was the gap, no might of man,
(Not Brava's knight) could measure such a span,
Yet Ferrau had lept, by fear struck blind,
To every danger save the one behind,
But from that self-same flood, for there the ghost,
Had from the Iberian claimed his helmet lost,
The well known form of Argalia slain,
All pale and streaked with many a gory stain,
Uprising, wide its meagre arms displayed,
And sullen seemed to smile, and nodded thrice its head;
Back instant shrunk the Iberian; fixt he stood
The chillness of amazement froze his blood!
His eyeballs chained by terror to the shape
That reft at once his will and power to scape,

His lips half opened as in act to speak
An earthy paleness stampt upon his cheek :
He trembled heedless that the sounds of *death*,
Louder and louder gathered on his path.
Even yet on Argalia glar'd his eye,
When fate aloud pronounced his time to die,
And from the central cave was heard a dismal cry;
Then from Orlando's arm a splintered rock
Reached his bare head : he bent beneath the stroke,
Another and another fragment came,
(Flung with the force of subterraneous flame)
Loading his head, and neck, and arms, and trunk,
Till prostrate on the earth the warrior sunk,
Oppressed, but fixing still his eyeballs dim,
Upon the ghastly spectre of the stream :
Even, till entomb'd beneath the weight of stone,
Half crush'd, half smother'd by the ruins thrown,
His unrepenting soul indignant fled,—
That image on his visual film was spread.

Since the period when the composition of these verses beguiled the solitude of retirement in a distant county, the progress of Mr. Wharton in the paths of ministerial favor, has been equally beneficial to his own fortune, and creditable to the friendly attachment of Mr. Perceval. That he is a man of unexampled industry, is admitted even by his enemies; and that he is as honest as it is possible for a modern servant of the Treasury to be under the present system, we can assert from our personal knowledge of his character. Yet we doubt, whether at the close of his public career he may not be reduced to confess that wealth and honor can be purchased at the expence of happiness: independence and singleness of heart, are the qualities of which we once supposed him to be one of the favored possessors; whether these qualities can exist within the contagion of the Treasury atmosphere, we are more than doubtful: and comparing what he was, with what he may be, we would willingly forget the secretary of the Treasury, to retain, in the possessor of Old Park, the scholar, the gentleman, and the *friend*. H. C.

THE WHIPS, No. IV.

AN EXALTED INVALID.

THOUGH the individual whose character it is our present duty to hold up to the indignation of the British public, disclaims the title of sportsman as a professional appellation, yet even his enemies must admit that in all the characteristics of a true member of the whips, he may bid defiance to the competition of a Buxton or a Hawke. Descended from a family of which the virtues are rememberd only to the dishonour of so worthless a member; in the possession of a *princely* income, which only yields the means of debauchery to an extensive circle of lascivious minions; profligate without elegance, licentious without spirit, and profuse without generosity; what further qualifications are required to secure his preeminence in all the distinctions of whippism? Though he is in the regular receipt of twelve thousand pounds per annum, he has not discharged one solitary debt for the last ten years: yet the money of which he has defrauded his creditors, has not been converted to the liquidation of his honorary promises, or contributed to the happiness of the meanest instruments of his voluptuous indulgencies. Afflicted with alternate fits of avarice and profusion, his occasional extravagance, is intermingled with the lowest arts of pecuniary meanness: the sums, therefore, that he lavishes are received without gratitude, and squandered without enjoyment. It, is not many months since he became attached to Madam L—— a ci-devant performer at the opera; who yielded without resistance to his solicitations, and obtained in addition to the use of his name at the usual resorts of fashionable extravagance, the greater portion of the first payment from the privy purse, of his annual income. The lady, grateful for his liberality, and willing to demonstrate that it was not thrown away on a thankless and mercenary woman, received him in a style of courtly elegance,

and consumed the sums designed for her personal gratification in administering to his taste for the pleasures of the table and the bottle. Having spent the full amount of her finances, she acquainted her protector with the necessity of a further advance. He told her not to be alarmed, informed her that on making use of his name, she might obtain to any amount all the luxuries of life, and assured her that the next payment he received, should be devoted to the liquidation of whatever debts she might contract. Confiding in his promises, she ventured to obtain of his tradesman, wines and other requisites of good living to the amount of 600l. At the end of the year she applied to her protector for pecuniary aid; but in the mean time, his —— had become attached to another frail one, and refused to assist her: the creditors had some hope that rather than suffer her to languish in a prison, he would come forward to discharge her debts, and therefore arrested her; but their hopes were disappointed, the —— received the intelligence of her misfortune with perfect unconcern, and she now lingers in all the miseries of confinement and destitution.

To one female, well known in the musical world, he has indeed returned after every temporary indulgence in casual and meretricious love. A *chere amie* who at once contributes to the gratification of the passions, and the replenishment of the purse, is a rare and valuable commodity. How frequently she may have relieved her exalted lover from vulgar importunities, or embarrassing predicaments, those only who have had occasion to witness the manners and habits of a certain family, can conjecture. It is certain, however, that the sums drawn by his —— on Mrs. ——'s banker, have seldom amounted to less than 3000l. *per annum*: nor is the lady destined to receive any other return for her generosity than the honour of an occasional visit from the pride of S——, and the ornament of I——. At an early period of life, he became the husband of a beautiful and ami-

able woman; the possession of whose person was the only object of his wishes, and whom he willingly resigned at no very distant period to the tyranny of law. They were divorced on the ground of legal informality, and the son was drawn from the protection of the mother, to be educated beneath the immediate auspices of the family. It is almost needless to add, because it is too well known, that with the title he has relinquished the affection of a husband; that his conduct towards the woman who in a moral point of view must still be regarded as his wife, has been distinguished by selfishness, and his correspondence by cruel and deliberate insult; and that into the mind of his son he has instilled those lofty impressions of self consequence, that would only become an acknowledged and legitimate descendant of the family.

He has long and arduously aspired to the reputation of a universal genius, and moderate as his talents confessedly are, he is certainly the *cleverest* of the family. He can speak for a few minutes in the senate, without talking nonsense, or betraying any symptoms of confusion: he writes very pretty verses; has indited one or two political pamphlets, sings a *so so* song, and plays the Battle of Prague on the piano. Above all things, however, he wishes to be regarded as a hearty whip and a sturdy bacchanalian: his driving talents have lately been eclipsed by the influence of disease, but his indisposition neither prevents nor restrains his devotions at the shrine of Bacchus.

He has long been the prey of the lowest of the multitude: conscious that to reveal the truth respecting his conduct and pursuits would be to render him the object of general abhorrence, he has been condemned to purchase the silence of discarded servants, and their employers, by sums nearly equal in amount to all the rest of his expences. The threats of a person to whom his private vices are well known, are supposed to have occasioned his late illness, which the newspapers stated

at one time to be *severe*, and now declare to be *relieved.* The truth is, that all the relief which could be obtained has already been administered, and that the confinement of his —— to his bed, is occasioned by the united operation of lascivious languor, bacchanial frenzy, and *remorse!*

ON PROSECUTION FOR LIBELS, AND THE PRINCE REGENT.

If any thing could have contributed to sooth the disappointment of the public, at the unequivocal determination of the Prince to support the present system of government, or appease the clamour, excited by the general persuasion of his personal irregularities; it would have been a magnanimous forbearance towards those writers, whose duty or enthusiasm might lead them, in the expression of their feelings, beyond the rigid boundaries of legal observation. The delusion, however, that had been excited by the assurances of his confidential friends, that he would leave the press to its free and regular operation, have been dissipated by the filing of an ex-officio information, against the editor of the Examiner; and unwilling as we are to anticipate the verdict of a jury, it is too plain that Mr. Hunt is now at the mercy of the Attorney General. The paragraph quoted in the declaration on the part of the king, is, according to the present construction of the law, a "*gross and infamous libel;*" which no man could write, without being conscious of his indiscretion, or without expectation of some advantage, more than commensurate to imprisonment in a distant gaol. For our own parts, we firmly believe that Mr. Hunt was influenced in his publication of the libellous paragraph,

by the hopes of a handsome subscription. He himself declares that he can eat and write in a prison, and should regard it as no punishment to be restrained from walking; and he may probably suppose that two or three thousand pounds from the public purse, would alleviate the hardships of confinement, and give new charms to the prospect of his return to society. It will be easy for him to make an appeal to the British people, on the liberty of the press, to represent himself as a martyr to the tyranny of law, and the persecution of the Attorney General; and to institute a comparison between Mr. Drakard and himself, which may prove the comparative importance of his claims on the gratitude and generosity of a British public.

To the labours of disinterested and prudent patriotism, no honors can be too high, no reward too liberal. But there is some distinction between spirit and rashness. The Examiner's opinion of the Prince, might have been expressed in a form less tangible, yet equally expressive: he who will "run a muck, and tilt at all he meets," deserves not to be branded as a coward; but must resign his claim to the rewards that await the brave yet cautious soldier, who guards his own person from assault while he carries death and dismay into the ranks of his enemies.

We do not say, that if the side of *Pittism* and corruption were the most profitable, Mr. Hunt would embrace it; but we may be permitted to suspect that the vehemence and perseverance of his attacks on the Prince Regent, may be occasioned by other motives than pure and genuine patriotism; that to say pointed things of the chief magistrate may be to as great a degree a matter of trade, as of principle or feeling; and that he might have been a very lukewarm writer, but for his waking visions of a trebled circulation, the applause of the lovers of *rich* articles, and *a subscription*. Mr. Hunt is a thick and thin man: a conscientious observer would find some relief from the deep shade of folly or iniquity, that clouds the

coup d'œil of the royal portrait: he would find occasional opportunities of coinciding with his opponents, and differing from his friends; he would not be the slave of political bigotry, or be content to obtain the character of a satirist without discrimination, and of a partizan whose most obvious qualification is *equability of violence.*

But the indiscretion of Mr. Hunt may be outvied by the injustice or the folly of those against whom his attacks have been directed, or to whom the task of legal vengeance is committed. It is vain to endeavour to persecute in the opinions of one man, the sentiments of a whole empire. Neither the terrors of Sir Vicary, nor the eloquence of a Stuart, can dissipate the settled conviction of the people, or restrain by the arbitrary exercise of an invidious office, that general indignation which legal violence can only exasperate into action, or restrain within the artificial limits prescribed by power, till by the impulse of internal agitation, it bursts its opposing boundaries, and overwhelms the great and the mean, the noble and the vulgar, every monument of ancient wisdom, and every trophy of profligate despotism, in one undistinguished and melancholy ruin.

Whatever may be thought or asserted by the parasites, who surround a court, the free expression of public opinion is the best security for the happiness of the Prince, and the safety of the throne. Discontent, when restrained from publishing its opinions, seeks refuge in private communication, and directs its powers to intrigues and conspiracies. The Prince, who never hears the sentiments of his people, walks on hidden fires with all the confidence of deceitful security. The animadversions of the literary public on the conduct of a mighty prince, can do no injury, but in proportion as they are just; and if while he admits their justice, he neither amends his life, nor reforms his political conduct, any misfortunes that may afflict him, are the result of his own fatuity. The persons who assume the title of antijacobins, ascribe the fall of Louis to the writings of the French philosophers; but

their attacks were directed against a system which was confessedly oppressive; they loved the monarch, and if notwithstanding the character of Louis, he fell a victim to the triumph of just principles, in all their violence of operation, how strong an argument does the fate of that unfortunate sovereign afford for the correction of abuses, while there is yet time to make a voluntary sacrifice to justice? Had the writings of the philosophers been attended to, that reform would have been silently effected by the prince and the nobles, which became at length the pretext and the instrument of murder and rapine. Nor is the history of the French revolution less striking in another point of view. Had the queen been virtuous, the royal family might have obtained the suffrages of the multitude, if they had not gained the mercy, or overawed the resolution of their judges. One profligate member of a family, may become the involuntary cause of its destruction; and the history of Louis affords a striking lesson to all who violate or despise the laws of conjugal fidelity.

When the parasites of the Prince Regent, (for all Princes have parasites,) suppose the writings of the Examiner to be merely the expression of individual feeling, they become the most dangerous of his enemies. Falsehood excited by malignity, may gain the momentary notice of the people; but the language of truth alone can deserve or obtain their permanent confidence. If the people regard even the trivial errors of the Prince Regent, with unpleasing fastidiousness, they are justified in their alarm even at the approaches to evil, by the instruction of former ages, and the observation of foreign courts. The history of Europe, and the present state of the continental empires, sufficiently testify the dangers that await the progress of princely frailty; and jealousy is the more becoming towards those exalted individuals in proportion to their advance in life. The follies of a prince are often the follies of indolence and incautiousness; in him who ascends the throne at an early

age, habits of business may supersede the frivolities of youth: the performance of his duties as a monarch will call for the full exertion of his mental and corporeal powers; he will not be compelled to fly from the lassitude of princely inaction to the arms of courtly lasciviousness, or to supply the absence of external stimuli, by perpetual recourse to the goblet of intemperance. But with an *elderly* prince, the danger is greater; it too often happens that as old age steals on, the habits of middle life obtain an omnipotent control over every faculty of the soul; voluptuous forty degenerates into impotent and profligate fifty: the vices of the Prince (whether the Dey of Algiers, or the Lord of Siam,) extend their baleful influence, from the palace to the villa, and from the villa to the cottage; beneath the reign of fashion, virtue, modesty, and temperance, sink into everlasting night: religion forakes the habitations of men;

"And unaware's mortality expires."

CUMBERLAND VICARS.

SIR,

HAVING admitted into the late numbers of your work a satirical history of the dissenting teachers to whom the people of Cumberland have committed, at various times, the guardianship of their spiritual welfare, I expect of your candor and demand of your justice, that the subjoined portraits of the regular clergymen, with whom the itinerant ministers were drawn into comparison, and from whose lectures their hearers fled to the "*tabernacles*," as you are pleased to call them, of the "*fanatics*," should meet with your immediate

attention. It is in your power to verify my statement, and admitting its truth, you may ascribe the conduct of the multitude to other causes than the operation of curiosity acted upon by cunning.

The first vicar of the parish, who comes within the remembrance of your present correspondent, had been a tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, and at the age of fifty was presented by the master and fellows to the living of Ashwell. Accustomed to frown authority on the university freshmen, he treated his parishioners like so many school-boys, was precise and formal in his demeanor, haughty to his tenants and uncourtly to his neighbours. When he first arrived in the village the rents of the glebe land were moderate, and the mode of payment liberal, the tithes were received with forbearance and paid with willingness, and the respectable inhabitants of the neighbouring country on every holiday and every festival, found a hearty welcome at the vicarage. But old Grumble Thorpe, resided in solitary state, and seldom appeared to his parishioners except in the form of a rigid landlord; or disguised in a cocked hat, and with a wig that might have vied in exuberance with that of Dr. Parr, he stalked along in all the majesty of clerical leanness, to the grief and dismay of the miserable gleaners. For the twenty years during which he resided at the parsonage-house, not a session or an assize elapsed that did not publish to the world his own litigious temper, and the oppression of his parishioners. He was well acquainted with all the laws respecting right of common, *delictus in ecclesiam*, and other questions pertaining to the increase of his revenues. His hatred towards vagrants and bastards was inveterate: in his situation as justice of the peace, he became the terror not only of every neighbouring poacher, but of the baker and the applewoman: shaving and cooking on the Sunday were banished from the village, and the unfortunate peasant who ventured to catch a few gudgeons in forbidden streams, were the objects of exemplary vengeance. In his de-

portment as a clergyman, and in the performance of his duty at the altar or the tomb, he was cold, formal, and supercilious, neither rejoicing with those that rejoiced, nor weeping with those that wept. His sermons were learned theses on abstruse points of theology, and he read the prayers and the lessons with the same tone of authoritative fastidiousness that marked his exposition of the game laws. The only human being to whom he evinced any marks of attachment was his housekeeper, who after having nursed and humoured him for the last thirty years of his life, was rewarded for her services by the bequest of his accumulated thousands.

On his death the presentation devolved to the squire, who selected his old friend Mr. Goodfellow as the fittest person to fulfil the situation of a minister of religion. He had obtained ordination from the bishop of —— in return for taking an active part in the election for the county. Whether he could construe the first chapter of St. John may be doubted; it is certain that he had received what is called an English education, remembered some part of Fanny Hill, and could repeat from the Apocrypha the history of Bel and the Dragon. He was now about forty years of age, short but portly, with a countenance expressing a mingled character of good humour and vulgarity: the acquiescence with which he engaged in any pursuit of the squire's, and the temper with which he listened to his jokes, were great recommendations at Ashwell hall, and of the "company" at the King's Arms he was the idol and the oracle. In the chair by the fire place surrounded by the exciseman, the landlord, and the barber, he cracked his jokes, drank his ale, and pegged his game at cribbage. How often Bill Hopkins and he had stolen when young into Teddy Fig's warehouse and eat or destroyed his comfits; by what stratagem he got to bed to Dolly Blossom without awaking her sister; how many bowls of punch he and the squire had drank at one sitting; what devilish lucky hits he had won at the last Carlisle races, when his old favourite Mrs. W—— of the Carlisle Arms, gave him a sly wink;

what jolly things had been said to him by Jack Curwen, just before he was made member for Carlisle, which he was sure happened only a year or two after that tremendous affair, the revolution, took place, in which as his company well knew, the French king was murdered,---and other subjects equally important, and equally indicative of his clerical qualifications, were the constant theme of his discourse. For a while the contrast between Mr. Goodfellow and his predecessor, was far from unfavourable: their parishioners were glad to have for a teacher a good-humoured man, who did not disdain to inquire after their families, or chat familiarly with their children. But folly soon degenerates into vice; he became so attached to the King's Arms as to be found no where else; children died in a state of reprobation, because Mr. Goodfellow had taken a walk to dine with the squire; many a happy couple were obliged to lament the miseries of "hope deferred" because their spiritual pastor had taken an overpowering quantity of spirituous liquors, and funerals were postponed, and bodies lodged in the church till a nap restored him to sobriety. At length the landlord of the King's Arms began to suspect his lady's fidelity; the squire's cook maid was pregnant, and "*laid the blame*" on the parson; an attorney of Cockermouth fell over the bridge and was drowned, and report asserted that he had been tippling to a late hour with Mr. Goodfellow. The clamour at length became so great that it came to the ears of the bishop of the diocese, who caused the requisite inquiries to be made, and finding that his conduct was a scandal to the church, and insulting to his parishioners, deprived him of his gown.

Our next incumbent was a person who had lived some time in the family of Lord P—— and had accompanied his son on the *grand tour*: for at that time the British isles were not in a state of blockade. On his return to England the morals of the son excited Lord P.'s despair, and the manners of the tutor aroused his indignation. He paid him the arrears of his salary, and then dismissed him. For several years the reverend gentleman

subsisted by descending to the servilities of a hackney parson: fond of mixed society, the slave of intemperance, restrained by the necessities of a narrow income, and professing the character of a man of the town, he figured away at the club-houses and taverns, as long as the patronage of his pupil would atone for the imperfections of his wardrobe, or his sanction obtain him credit among the purveyors to gluttony and intemperance. When these resources failed him, he descended from the tavern to the pot-house, and from the societies formed by men of character and education, to the smoking rooms. His acquaintance with the low scandal of the outcasts of fashion, recommended him to the favorable notice of the frequenters of these receptacles: no man was more conversant in the history of intrigue: he could trace the progress of the Wyndhams of that period, from the tap to the drawing-room; knew the history and pedigree of every female who shone in the annals of crim. con.; remembered the quarrels between Lord D. and Mr. M. respecting the natural daughter of the Duchess of Izzard, and was perfectly acquainted with the circumstances that attended the introduction of a fair quaker to an exalted personage. By degrees he degenerated into a pot-house wag, could pour a glass of punch with more than usual dexterity into his neighbour's pocket, and displayed uncommon address in setting fire to the lawyer's wig, and then assuring him that he threw new light on every subject before him. As he had been driven to these societies by necessity, he was not ashamed to barter buffoonery for hospitality, and to become the jolly companion of any individual who would pay his *reckoning*. In this career of vulgar profligacy and voluntary degradation, he remained till the death of Lord P.'s father, enabled his *ci-devant* pupil to testify his gratitude for his early initiation into vice, by presenting him with the vicarage of Ashwell.

No sooner had he been properly settled at the parsonage-house, than he converted the parlor into a billiard-

room, and invited all the young bucks of the parish to contend with him, in that edifying and profitable game. The claret, for now that he had become a vicar he attempted to resume his early habits, circulated with due celerity; and after spending the morning in drinking and gambling, he and his companions sallied out, either to reconnoitre the dwelling houses of the neighbouring farmers, in search of their daughters, or to scale the dairy of the squire, and bore holes in the bottoms of his milk pails. "Fun" and "intrigue" were the great objects of his pursuit: he repeated in the highways of Cumberland the profligacies he had committed in the nooks and corners of London, and edified the profligates of Ashwell, by retailing the scandalous memoirs of Suffolk-street.

From this person we were relieved by an action of bastardy, and an execution in the parsonage house. His place was supplied by a political parson, a dependant of Mr. Curwen, and a furious declaimer about reform and the constitution. He paid more attention to Magna Charta than the Bible, and talked more frequently of ministerial imbecillity than of faith, or grace, or good works. For three or four days in each week, he left the parish to take care of itself, while he harangued the populace of Carlisle,and carried addresses to his majesty on the grievances of the times. He broke a blood-vessel, as he was declaiming with unusual warmth, to a select assemblage of his parishioners, on pittism and corruption, and was led to the grave, by the persons to whom his eloquence was addressed.

To him succeeded our present vicar, a young gentleman of twenty-eight, a great favorite of the young maids and old misses of Ashwell, the writer of some very pretty effusions, sentimental and serious, in prose and verse. His first effort at celebrity, was a sonnet on the lap-dog of Miss Amelia Younghusband, which I have no doubt will be read with sympathetic pleasure, by every feeling and sensitive reader of the Scourge.*

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* We think otherwise, and have therefore omitted it.—Ed.

Nor are his effusions as a novelist less charming, delightful and affecting. "The moon" (says he) in one of his novels, published by Mr. Newman—"the moon had just risen in lunar majesty, and tipped with silver glow the horizon sparkling with radiant beams, when Alphonso slowly treading over the fatal ground, observed a dark and gloomy figure stalk before him. Thrice did he start, and thrice resume his progress: at length the portal of the eastern-gate flew open, and presented to his astonished eyes the image of his long lost Almeida, ascending the grand stair-case." Again, "with a heart beaming with sensibility, and eyes teeming the most transcendant desire, she received his heart-entrancing—soul-melting assurances. And oh! Almeida! he exclaimed, is such bliss extatic reserved for thy Alphonso; and wilt thou deign to seal with bonds of angelic rapture, purest vows of bright ethereal love? Yes, my Almeida, I see it in thy lips! Happiness celestial! oh, joy unutterable! Almeida regarded him not: with steady hand, and undisturbed countenance, she was in the act of conveying to her mouth a slice of the best plum-pudding, when suddenly the voice, &c. &c."

You will have observed, that to his other qualifications our vicar unites the talents of a punster; and the brilliance of his wit is acknowledged at the squire's. At some future time, I may perhaps send you a catalogue of his good things; but at present the following are the only ones that occur to my remembrance. "I am sorry to say, that this *mist*-erious affair is still involved in a *cloud* of difficulties." "It is as *plane* as my *ebony* walking-stick." "He has lost is *arm*, and is now a very *harmless* fellow;" "the Kent merchants have commenced a *hop*-ful season," &c. &c.

But you will naturally ask me, if while he thus amuses the idle and flatters the affected, he fulfils his more important duties as a clergyman? Oh! no, Sir—that would be too great a sacrifice of fame and pleasure to utility in such a poet and novelist as Mr. T. His

sermons are stolen from Blair and Tillotson, except when on extraordinary occasions he applies the language of his sentimental productions to the spiritual instruction of his audience, and talks of heaven and hell in the superfine diction of a circulating library. His attention while in the pulpit is divided between his sermon and the fair admirers of his amatory productions: and the lisp and the look askance, inform even the most unintelligent of his congregation, that his thoughts are occupied on other things than religion and eternity. The time that ought to be devoted to the visitation of the sick, and the comfort of the afflicted, is employed in the reciprocation of acrostics with his female parishioners, or in the composition of sentimental tales for the Leadenhall-street repository.

After this short sketch of the various characters to whom for the last thirty years our spiritual welfare has been committed, your friend the Cumberland magistrate may cease to be astonished at the progress of methodism, or to blame the people for their desertion of the church. That every parish should be so unfortunate as Ashwell, cannot be supposed—the living is valuable, the occasional presentation in the hands of improper persons, and the conduct of the incumbent far removed from episcopal observation. To these causes *our* peculiar misfortunes may be ascribed; nor am I without hopes that they will be in some measure alleviated by this public exposition.

ONE IN RETIREMENT.

Dovenby, Cumberland.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE MANCHESTER RIOTS.

The Court's in confusion, because it is found,
An event for which H—— forgot to prepare,
That the wrong-headed people all MANCHESTER *round*,
Oppose what is counselled in MANCHESTER *square*.

MATHEMATICUS.

ON SEEING PASQUIN, ALIAS DR. WILLIAMS, IN A VERY SHABBY COAT, PARADING THE PARK WITH HIS PATRON ROMEO.

How little Pasquin heeds our jeers,
We all may understand,
Since out at elbows he appears,
With *Coates* at his command!

Y. Z.

ON THE SAME.

When Jackey from his master's cloaths
The clouds of dust would force,
'Twas once a common sight to see
The *coat* upon the *horse*:
But valets spruce of modern days,
Far wiser are than Jack,
For Craven Street and Hyde Park shew,
Great COATES support the *hack*!

Y. Z.

THE WIDOW FAIRBUR'S BENEFIT.

Of kindred souls, indulgent fame
Vouchsafes to grant a kindred name;
Great COATES in buskin'd splendor shines,
And to his Juliet sweetly whines,
While Pasquin fired by rival thoughts,
Comes forth to view, in *Petty* COATES.

Y. Z.

A TART REPLY.

Says the squire to the parson "if you were to lie
In this dish we could make a substantial goose-pie:"
Quoth the parson, "if you in your grave were
extended,
Which I hope won't take place till your morals are
mended,
And I read the prayers, by a much better rule,
The parish might call me a *goose*-BURY *fool*."

RUSTICUS.

EPIGRAM.

Friend Tom* declares to his connections
That he retains no predilections ;
And they who mark his conduct well,
That he declares the truth, will tell;
First to his wines in order placed,
He shews an equal warmth of taste;
And next lest any ——e should pall
Upon the sense, he tries them all:
And lastly, no one to offend,
In *every* rogue he finds an equal friend!

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* "A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

A CATALOGUE OF QUACKS.

Sir,

Perusing your instructive and amusing publication of last month, an article caught my eye, upon a subject rather *new* to periodical reviews; but which convinced me of the great utility of such a work as "the Scourge" standing before the public, as the *palladium* of our property, by the just exposure of quackery, fraud, and imposition.

I have now lived about seventy years in the world, and mingled much in the active scenes of life; in which a man of tolerable discernment must have observed the human character in all the varied forms incident to our frail and imperfect nature;—it will therefore, Sir, not appear very surprising to you, to hear, that I have unfortunately run my head against a great number and variety of *quacks*, and that such persons have run their *hands into my pockets*!

But after reading your review of a certain architectural *catch-penny* publication, I meditated much upon the most dangerous of those characters, who obtain an existence upon the follies and credulity of society; and who would not be suffered to breath in an Utopian government, where useless persons are not allowed to annoy the humble inhabitants of such a happy region. But though the British constitution is better organised than any other, it has not the power of protecting the subject from plunder, or of reducing Utopian principles to the practical advantage of the body-politic; consequently we are obliged to elbow rogues, at noon day, who while smiling in your face, will *draw your high-tooth*, so that you may never have the advantage of *cutting it* even at the respectable *age* of seventy!

Among these polite *receivers* of your property, I do not know more dangerous *quacks*, than those of whom

you speak:—and I beg to assure you, that my knowledge arises from dearly-bought experience in the practice of building! It is true the physician can write you a *line* or two of Latin, that will produce as much poison as will remove you and your whole family into the grave for *one guinea*, without your knowing what offence you have committed, that you should pay to become *immortal:* while the doctor returns home, and expends that money upon the most delicate viands of the season, which every one can analyse, and all persons know something about!---In this, however, you only lose two things, namely, your life, and a paltry fee; but if you consult an architectural physician, he prescribes apparently upon more liberal principles; and though he does not leave your house with a *guinea*, he takes your *order* and instructions for a "dose of building," which when complete, draws from your pocket ten hundred, or perhaps ten thousand guineas, *instead of one*, which is as bad as taking your life; according to the sentiment of Shakspeare, who says,

> "You take my house, when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house; you take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live."

and therefore, I would from the conviction of long experience in these matters rather give *up the ghost*, through the medium of a guinea sleeping draught, than be allowed to terminate a painful existence in a building, which most likely would stand as a monument of disgrace to the abilities and honesty of the quack architect, and a tomb to my fortune and happiness!

Sir, we have quack patriots, who affect to administer to the diseases of the state; and though they profess to cure, without a motive of interest, they *never get* employed without "bleeding copiously" before their ignorance and deception are discovered; and then retire from their *officious* duties like other quacks, laughing at those whom they have plundered!

To be sure, Sir, the taking of a few thousands a year for their pretended knowledge and services, is a *species* of bleeding not so much felt by the nation, as when an architectural *lancet* gets into the *reins* of an individual---the *resources* of the body-politic and the body-natural being quite different. The first soon renovates from the abundant gains that supply it, while the other is left as *dry* as the *builder's rod,* which measures all the corners, holes, and crevices, into which the poor victim's blood has been artfully drawn to support quackery and fraud!

I have met, Sir, with quack gardeners, who conduct you through all the mazes of horticulture, only to bewilder you in the still greater mazes of a *long bill,* and who in the end, only twist nature into a shameful disguise, and make one wish that the *artist* was suspended to one of our trees, in compliment to his bad taste in displaying a *hanging-wood;*---near to whom might, with great justice, be *gracefully* placed many of our quack builders, as appropriate personages to the scene, and quite necessary to *feel* and *know the strength* of the timber so *properly employed!*

The world abounds with so many quacks, besides those mentioned, that I fear I shall fatigue your readers, by enlarging this catalogue; yet, as I have seen much of these characters in the course of a long life, it may be expected I should enumerate one or two more professors of *empiricism.*

What do you think, Sir, of your patent undertaker?---He is another kind of *architect* or *builder;* but not so good as the grave-maker, whose houses (as Shakspeare says) last till doomsday! You see, Sir, I cannot do without the assistance of the great poet; but as he knew so much of human nature, it is fair I should introduce him as a contrast to my list of quacks, who only live to violate all her noble and sublime principles!

This sable architect and builder can shew you a *fine plan* of the cottages and houses that he makes, which he very *gravely* says can never be *broken open, and robbed,*

though he does not venture to deny, but *might* may overcome *right*; and instead of his *well secured dwelling* being *broken open*, by a thief in the night, it may be easily carried off by way of *execution upon body and goods.*

Forty years ago I never heard of quack blacking-makers; but, now Sir, it matters not *however black* a thing may be, if it is but *patent black*—of all the *black things* that pass current in society, and certainly some of which are very pleasing to the *eye*, and *agreeable to the touch*, the one in question is the least objectionable, and carries no disguise or danger with it except to leather, which is an advantage to our shoemakers, who like architects and builders very well know how to *pinch* a customer!

But, Sir, the most agreeable quacks I ever run my head against, is one of those divine creatures *commonly* called a woman, who will profess to love you, while she is casting her secret peeper upon another—My friend, now at my elbow, swears that these kind of quacks are full as bad as an architect, and can *tickle* you out of ten thousand pounds with the same ease of deception; but I do not agree with him upon this subject—It is certainly true that the fair deceiver can run you *very hard more ways* than one;—that she can spend *two* or *three* thousand a year, and then talk of it as mere pin-money;---can make love to another, and instantly return home to give you a lecture upon domestic infidelity;---can chide you upon being out of temper with her follies and extravagance, while she is scratching your face for more money! But, Sir, who would not rather give ten thousand pounds for such a piece of lovely structure, with all her little imperfections, or expend that sum in the support of her pleasures, than be the dupe of an *Indian ink* builder, or a dirty fellow that consolidates cold bricks into an architectural money-trap?

If some of these fair creatures be quacks in love, still it is better to be robbed by a lovely woman under any mask, than by a *sly methodical knave*, who in, his journey through life's vicious path fastens upon your purse, and

by *one dip* draws out your *whole fortune;* whereas the enchanting female imparts the most delectable pleasure as a return for her protection, and affords those delights that can only render life supportable!

If she *diddles* you (to use a parliamentary phrase of a late member*) there is generally some consolation to your feelings. You take a retrospect of all the endearing moments which have passed between you, and lulled the mind into a delicious repose, or animated it into something upon which reflection feeds with rapture; but to hope for a pleasing thought to be produced by the cold hand of a bricklayer, and the hard and icy heart of his artist, is as forlorn and unpromising as that they will become HONEST MEN!!!

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

BARON GERAMB; STROEHLING THE ARTIST, AND PROFESSOR VON FEINAGLE.

WHEN we ventured to pronounce from our observation of the manners and habits of the Baron Geramb, that his motives for residing in this country were such as to demand the attention of ministers, we are afraid that there are few of our readers, who did not suspect us of resentment or uncharitableness. Yet, now that he has been sent out of the kingdom, the thinking part of

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* I believe Mr. Robson, who when speaking of the inability of the Treasury to pay its own bills, said that "we were *all diddled, by God!*"

the nation are rather inclined to wonder, that he should have been permitted to remain in England so long, than to accuse the government of injustice or precipitancy. That we ourselves contributed, in a great measure, to the detection of his villanies, we confess with pleasure; but accident alone made us acquainted with the particulars of his civil depredations, and his political intrigues; and how many foreigners of a similar character, and with similar views, may now be resident in London, of whom a similar concurrence of circumstances would disclose an equal degree of criminal ingratitude!

He seems to have been well acquainted with the English character. Beneath the garb of eccentricity, he concealed the most artful pur poses, and secured an admittance into the circles of fashion, which, in the form of a gentleman, he might vainly have endeavoured to obtain. He knew that in England, to be ridiculous is to become notorious; and that to become notorious, is to secure a welcome reception into the best society. His whiskers introduced him to court, and eclipsed, in the opinion of Bond-street, the singularities of Mr. Coates—his stories of his own exploits—his extracts from the Vienna Gazette, and his relations of a challenge on Mount Etna, and the extrication of a fellow creature from the waves of the Danube, excited the laughter of those who ought to have watched his conduct with suspicious seriousness; and after he had flattered the great, eclipsed the gay, and cajolled the possessors of office, he found little difficulty in his attempts at depredation on the subordinate instruments of fashionable luxury.

We wish not to become the instruments of unjust prejudice, or to efface any impression which may tend to humanize the European world, while it tends not to weaken our own security or to degrade the national character; but after endeavouring to correct the prejudices of education, by accurate observation, after long and frequent conversation with the best educated foreign-

ers, and notwithstanding every disposition to view their conduct, as it respected our own political safety, in every point of view, we have been more and more impressed with the conviction, that their friendship is more dangerous than their hostility; and that our protection, where it extends beyond the strict limits of forbearance, only tends to give ability to ingratitude. Whether it arise from envy, from an unjust but in voluntary ascription of the miseries of Europe to the councils of England, or from the disgust excited by the hauteur of our national character and habits; it is indisputably true, that our manners are viewed even by the most enlightened foreigners with inveterate prejudice; that even the cause of his own country becomes less dear to a foreign patriot, as soon as it becomes identified with that of England; and that the latent feeling of those whom temporary circumstances may have drawn into temporary residence among us, or a momentary coincidence in our politics, is the hope of emancipation from the weight of obligation to Britain. But if these be the prejudices of honorable men, what can be expected of subordinate persons, but that they should become the voluntary spies of any foreign court that will employ them; that they should regard us with mingled sentiments of envy and derision; and should hate us for the superiority of our moral character, while they laugh at our vanity and credulity?

To the introduction of Italian castratos, we should, in times of peace and tranquillity, be unwilling to object: it is better that such beings should be imported from Italy than *prepared* in England; but at the present moment we think that our nobility might dispense with their services: the singers themselves, and their wives, (for even these men have *superfluous* luxuries,) and the long train of their companions, retainers, and dependants, not only obtain a large proportion of the public money, but contribute to extend and confirm the dominion of immorality. Our virgins are frenchified and italianized,

by a crowded succession of foreign music masters, teachers of the graces, and instructors in the continental tongues: alien artists convert the pencil into an instrument of seduction; and in the person of the youthful pupils of the Waltz, elegance and impurity become synonymous.

So forcibly indeed is the distinction between the moral character of the English, and of almost every foreign people impressed upon the minds of the middle classes, that productive as the great branch of medical quackery has always been to the adventures of our own countrymen, it has never succeeded in the hands of foreigners. They are not to be trusted in the bosom of a family; and the necessity of possessing in a medical practitioner, a domestic friend, is so obvious, as in this instance to have counteracted the usual bias of English credulity.

In the province of the arts their efforts to usurp the honors that ought to be the reward of native merit, have been hitherto more dangerous than successful: they have obtained at intervals a slight and momentary triumph; but the empire of art is at present in the undisturbed possession of our own countrymen. The true character of Dubost was discovered in sufficient time to counteract the effect of his intrigues: and but for the appointment of Stroehling as historical engraver to the Prince Regent, scarcely any foreigner would have found employment but in those subordinate departments of art, which an Englishman would be ashamed to execute, or would regard as too unprofitable for his attention. What pretensions that ostentatious dabbler in Greek may possibly possess to this honourable appointment, we are unable to conjecture; but the public would form a juster estimate of his professional talents from an examination of some of those excellent and classical produtions of the graver, which he has doubtless produced in the course of his progress as an artist, than from the obtrusive proof of ostentatious ignorance, that adorns

the front of his house in Welbeck-street. There is in every thing about himself and his establishment an air of quackery, which degrades him if he possesses the slightest portion of ability, and if he be a mere pretender must ultimately lead to his public detection and disgrace.

The preceding reflections have been excited by the conduct of a professor Von Feinagle, a person who *professes* to have made the most wonderful discoveries in the science of memory, and has therefore kindly undertaken to deprive one half of the subscribers of the Surry Institution of their right of admission. We are informed that he has not only been introduced into the establishment to the exclusion and discountenance of English talent, but that one third of the institution is set apart for his lectures, and that to these lectures the subscribers can only gain admittance by the payment of money at the doors. Were not impudence the usual attendant on quackery, professor Von Feinagle might have condescended, before he thus came forward to insult and defraud the supporters of an establishment instituted for the promotion of scientific knowledge and literary taste, to shew in what his claims even to the privilege of lecturing at all consisted: his discourses contain no instruction of any kind; he talks a great deal of the science of mnemonics, and tells his audience when and where, and at what prices, he communicates instruction; but his quackery is an insult to the public, and his ignorance a disgrace to the institution. Of the discoveries that he professes to have made, he gives no evidence, except the expertness of two or three pupils in calculation; but real science is open and honorable: it does not descend to the tricks of Mr. Boaz; it communicates what it knows; it seeks to instruct rather than astonish; and its professors disdain to render their discourses the *media* of information respecting the *terms* on which at some other place and time, may be unfolded, that knowledge which it is their *present* duty to communicate.

Judging only from the mode in which the professor has chosen to announce his discoveries to the world, we should conceive ourselves guilty of no precipitate opinion were we to assert that the pretensions of the professor to the discovery of a new art of memory are destitute of any solid claim to the attention of the public. That he may drill a boy or a girl into the recollection of a multiplicity of figures that they have seen before, we shall not dispute; but that in six hours he can teach them without collusion, at the time of exhibition to perform *extempore* the most difficult problems, and remember the most intricate combinations, we positively disbelieve. If his mode of tuition be peculiar to himself, and can perform the wonders to which it pretends, his pupils would have disclosed the secret, and extended its utility: the truth is, we are persuaded, that there is no secret to disclose. All the improvement of which the art of memory is susceptible, was effected by the publication of Grey's *Memoria Technica.* Professor Porson, whom we have heard repeat two columns of the Courier, after once reading them, was indebted to nature and regular application, and not to any arcanum, for so wonderful a gift; and Seneca who could repeat two thousand words in any order, after once hearing them, makes no mention of any peculiar art or invention by which his memory was assisted. If Professor von Feinagle, who has so unkindly left the inhabitants of his native country to labour under all the imperfections of a natural memory, be really in possession of an important philosophical discovery, he can only avoid the reputation of quackery by disclosing it: so great a genius and philanthropist cannot surely be restrained from doing an important benefit to mankind, by the fear of losing those dirty *tokens* that he now receives for admission to his lectures; and it should not escape his recollection, that unaided by the communication of his "divine" art, the people of England may not only *forget* to pay him the honors that are due to his exalted merit, but may cease to remember, before the expiration of a thousand years, that such a personage existed.

THE HYPERCRITIC. No. VI.

THE GENERAL CHRONICLE, AND THE INQUISITION.

Of those periodical publications, which are too dry and insipid for the general reader, yet too superficial and imperfect for the scholar; which contain classical essays, that communicate no information to the learned, yet cannot be understood by the unlettered; and are adorned by engravings, that possess no interest with the usual purchasers of monthly works, yet are beneath the notice of a cultivator or admirer of the arts, the General Chronicle is an example: nor should we have devoted any portion of our time to so common-place a subject, had not our attention been attracted to an article, in which its editors endeavour to prove that the suppression of the inquisition in Spain is not a benefit. We do not intend, however, to examine the article at length; but to deduce from the origin* of the inquisition, its congeniality with the Roman Catholic religion, and to offer a few casual observations on the general tenor of their arguments.

Domingo de Guzman, better known as he stands in the Roman Calendar, by the name of St. Dominic, being employed against the Albigenses, invented the inquisition to accelerate the effect of his sermons. His invention was readily approved at Rome, and he himself nominated inquisitor general. In one day he beheaded four score persons, and four hundred were burnt alive, by his order and in his sight. The few traits of character, which can be gleaned from the volumes of St. Dominic's biographers are all of the darkest colours. He never looked a woman in the face, or spoke to one on his preaching expeditions; he usually slept in the churches, or upon a grave; he wore an iron chain round his body,

* See the Quarterly Review.

and his fastings and flagellations were excessive. But if his disciples have preserved few personal facts, concerning their master, they have made ample amends, by the catalogue of his miracles: for St. Dominic is the Orlando Furioso of saints errant---the Hercules Furens of the Romish demigods. The dream of his mother, during her pregnancy is well known, that she whelped a dog, holding a burning torch in his mouth, wherewith he fired the world. Earthquakes and miracles announced his nativity to the earth and air, and two or three suns and moons extraordinary, were hung out for an illumination in heaven. The Virgin Mary received him in her arms as he sprung to birth; when a sucking babe, he regularly observed fast days, and would get out of bed, and lie upon the ground as a penance. His manhood was as portentous as his infancy: he fed multitudes miraculously, and performed the miracle of Cana, with great success. Once when he fell in with a troop of pilgrims of different countries, the curse which had been inflicted at Babel, was suspended for him, and they all were enabled to speak one language. Travelling with a single companion, he entered a monastery in a lonely place to pass the night: he awoke at matins, and hearing yells and lamentations instead of prayers, went out, and discoveredthat he was among a brotherhood of devils. Dominic punished them upon the spot with a cruel sermon, and then returned to rest. At morning the convent had disappeared, and he and his comrade found themselves in a wilderness. He had one day an obstinate battle with the flesh: the quarrel took place in a wood, and finding it necessary to call in help, he stripped himself, and commanded the ants and the wasps to come to his assistance. Even against these auxiliaries the contest was continued for three hours, before the soul could win the victory. He used to be red-hot with divine love, sometimes blazing like a sun, sometimes glowing like a furnace. Once it sprung out in six wings, like a seraph; and once the fervor of his piety made him sweat blood.

So much for the miscellaneous miracles of St. Dominic: but they are not more curious than the two classes of the rosary, and those which refer to the Virgin Mary, which were invented to play off against the Franciscans. A knight to whom Dominic presented a rosary, arrived to such perfection of piety, that his eyes were opened, and he saw an angel take every bead as he dropped it, and carry it to the queen of heaven, who built with the whole string a palace upon a mountain in Paradise. A damsel, by name Alexandra, induced by Dominic's preaching, used the rosary; but her heart followed too much after the things of the world: two young men, who were rivals for her, fought, and both fell in the combat; and their relations in revenge cut off her head, and threw it into a well. The devil immediately seized her soul; but for the sake of the rosary, the Virgin interfered, rescued the soul out of his hands, and gave it permission to remain in the head at the bottom of the well, till it should have an opportunity of confessing, and being absolved. After some days, this was revealed to Dominic, who went to the well and told Alexandra in God's name to come up: the bloody head obeyed, perched on the well side, confessed its sins, received absolution, took the wafer, and continued to edify the people for two days, when the soul departed to pass a fortnight in purgatory on its way to heaven. But those were trifling miracles: the bells at Thoulouse rang of their own accord to welcome Dominic's arrival, and signs and wonders commanded the reverence of the inhabitants of that city. As the saint was reading one day, the devil annoyed him in the shape of a flea, skipping backward and forward upon the page, in order to divert his attention from the devout subject before him; but Dominic soon spoiled his sport, for he fixed him as a mark at the place where he left off, and used him in this manner through the whole volume. On another occasion the devil came to teize him in the form of a monkey: Dominic was too much used to such

visits to be embarrassed by them: he called him to hold the candle, which he made him do, till it had burnt down to the snuff, to the sore annoyance of the paw which held it. A tolerable epigram on this legend may be found in Sautel's *Annus Sacer.*

> Dum tulit ardentem Phlegetontius histrio cercem,
> Tum certe aut nunquam, *Lucifer* ille fuit.

In one of his visits to heaven, Dominic was carried before the throne of Christ, where he beheld many religionists of both sexes, but none of his own order. This so afflicted him, that he began to lament aloud, and inquired why they did not appear in bliss. Christ laying his hand upon the Virgin's shoulder, said, I have committed your order to my mother's care; and she lifting up her robe, discovered an innumerable multitude of Dominican friars and nuns, nestled under it. Let not the reader suppose that this is a protestant invention. It stands as it is here represented in the prayer book of the order.

But though the Dominicans pride themselves upon the establishment of the inquisition by their sainted founder, they do not consider him as the inventor of that tribunal. At the close of the sixteenth century, Luis de Paramo, who was a canon of Leon, and an inquisitor in the kingdom of Sicily, published a work; "*De origine et progressu* officii sancta inquisitionis, ejusque dignitate et utilitate." God, according to this writer, was the first inquisitor, and the first *auto da-fe* was held in the garden of Eden. God cited Adam, because the process would otherwise have been null, and upon the culprit's appearance he *inquired,* that is *made inquisition* into the crime. The man accused his wife, after which the judge questioned her also: the serpent he did not examine, because of his obstinacy, for *angeli post adhesionem, immobiliter rebus adhærent, inflexibile habent liberum arbitrium, nec discurrere possunt.* Both parties were separately examined, and in secret, to prevent collusion,

and no witness were called, because confession and conscience are as good as a thousand witnesses, and then the judge had nothing to do but to pass sentence. Even the garment which penitent offenders are compelled to wear, is after the pattern of the cloaths which God made for Adam and Eve; and because Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise, for that reason all the property of a heretic is to be confiscated.

Abraham was an inquisitor, and so was Sarah; which is thus clearly proved from the words of Scripture. She turned Ishmael out of doors for idolatry. He saw him playing with Isaac. Now what is intended by the word playing. *Ludere*, says St. Jerome, is *idololatrare.* Nicholas de Lyra commenting upon a certain passage expounds *udentem* to mean *idolola-trantem*, and therefore it is plain that Ishmael was turned out for idolatry. In this manner does Paramo proceed through the Pentateuch, and the books of Joshua and Judges.

The inquisition was suspended after its work of exterminating the Albigenses was completed: it was revived in Spain upon the Jews, who had enjoyed more intervals of prosperity in that country than in any other part of christendom. When Alphonso VI. won the city of Toledo, the Jews who dwelt there, waited upon him and assured him that they were descended from part of the ten tribes whom Nebuchadnezzar had transported into Spain, not from the Jews of Jerusalem who had crucified Christ. They produced letters from the synagogue to Caiaphas the high priest, remonstrating against the death of Jesus, in the original Hebrew, and in Arabic, as they had been translated by order of King Galifre. It was a bold stratagem, and for some time succeeded to their wish; but the evil days of the Jews were at hand: Ferdinand and Isabel obtained from Sextus IV. the privilege of creating inquisitors, and six years after the work of devastation began; an auto-da-fe was celebrated at Guadalompe, where 52 persons of both sexes, convicted of judaizing, after compulsory conversion, were buried

alive: the images of 25 who had escaped, and the bodies of 46 dug from their graves, were in like manner committed to the flames: 16 were condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and they who were sentenced to the galleys, or to do perpetual penance in the dress of infamy, are said to have been innumerable. All professed Jews were ordered to leave the town within a month, at the end of that term strict inquisition was made for them, and above 2000 were burnt in different parts of the country as an example. But even this was but a beginning. The inquisitors who held their sittings at Guadulupe in the immediate presence as it were of the great goddess of that celebrated temple, were earnest in their entreaties that she would favor them with some miraculous sign of her approbation. The goddess condescended to this request. One of the inquisitors, by name Francisco Sanchez de la Fuente, took upon himself the office of recording the prodigies which were manifested: sixty miracles he wrote down, and then gave up the task, because his pen could not keep pace with the wonders which were worked. The system, thus begun, soon extended itself over all Spain: and before 1520, 4000 persons had been burnt in Seville, and 30 condemned to wear the *san benito* and to lose all their property. In the single diocese of Seville 100,000 were destroyed, converted, or driven into exile; and (as the catholic historians boast) in the city 3000 houses were left without inhabitants. Its subsequent progress was equally cruel, and is better known.

II. The first bloody harvest of the inquisition was over in Spain before it began in Portugal. A swindler effected what Rome had once before in vain attempted. This man's name was Juan de Saavedra. Having long lived by his wits, and being especially dexterous in forging public grants, he conceived that it would be a good speculation to act as inquisitor in Portugal; he accordingly made a journey into that country for the purpose of

reconnoitering it. Returning towards Andalusia, he met with a member of a newly established order, probably a jesuit, coming from Rome with certain bulls relating to its establishment. He had not been named himself to any place of trust and honour in these bulls, and this had soured him. Saavedra offered to forge new ones for him, and insert his name in the manner he desired, which was done accordingly, and the forger retained the originals for his own purpose. Having now a prototype before him, he drew up such a bull as he wanted, and affixed to it the genuine seals. This was done at Tavira in Algarve. His next measure was to return to Ayamonte, where there was a provincial of the Franciscans, who had lately arrived from Rome. Saavedra made his appearance in the character of a simple man, saying that six well drest men travelling post, had dropped those parchments on the road, which he had found shortly afterwards, and knowing that the provincial understood such things, he had brought them to him, meaning if they were of any consequence, to lose no time in following the persons to whom they must have belonged. The Franciscan examined the parchment, and was delighted to find that it was a bull for the establishment of the holy office, sent as it appeared by a cardinal. The cardinal he supposed was going either to Seville or Badajos, there to remain till things were ready for his reception in Portugal, and he concluded that he must be a young man by the indecorous speed with which he travelled. He charged Saavedra therefore to lose no time, but make it a matter of conscience to follow him as fast as possible.

The imposter had two reasons for proceeding in this manner; he wished to satisfy himself that the forgery was well executed, and with all the customary forms, which the provincial was well able to ascertain; his other motive was to spread about the tidings which would facilitate his operations. The next business was by means of his accomplices, one of whom acted as his secretary, to establish

a household at Seville. They engaged six score domestics, and the chapel was fitted up for the cardinal's reception. At a fit time they gave out that they were going to Badajos to wait for their master there; accordingly all the baggage was packed up and they departed, but when they had proceeded a few miles, Saavedra met them: they received him with the greatest expressions of joy and surprise, and returned to Seville, where he made his entrance amid the rejoicings of the whole people. Here he was lodged in the archbishop's palace, and remained twenty days, during which he produced a bond for 13,000 ducats on the Marquis of Tarifa for money lent at Rome: the date was accurate, the signature well executed, and he found no difficulty in obtaining them. Having done this he moved on to Badajos, and from thence dispatched his secretary to the King of Portugal with letters from the pope and from the emperor. The king was astonished, and expressed displeasure by the manner of his silence; the secretary was alarmed and hastily returning to Saavedra, entreated him to be content with what they had already gained, and to think only of enjoying it in security. The dauntless swindler, however, persisted in his project, sent his accomplice back to Lisbon, and directed him not to leave the palace till he had received an explicit answer from the king: he told him also not to forget to observe that the cardinal was a young man, and would immediately return to Rome with the answer, be what it might. After taking twenty days to consider of it, the king complied. The impostor was lodged three months in the palace, and spent three months more in travelling about the country, exercising his inquisitorial powers wherever he went, and amassing money to a degree which seems to have bigoted him, otherwise he would have decamped in time.

The trick was discovered in Spain, and the Marquis of Barca Rota, having made a priest at Moura invite the mock cardinal to a feast on St. Ildefonzo's day, seized him and sent him prisoner to Madrid. Cardinal Tavira

who was at that time grand inquisitor and governor of Castile, during the emperor's absence, examined him, and sent an account of the whole proceedings to the pope. Saavedra had speculated well, and the very magnitude of the imposture contributed to save him. He had done that for the Romish church, which the pope himself had been unable to effect; and the holy father, concluding that it must be the especial favor of heaven to bring about a good work by such extraordinary means, recommended a merciful sentence, and hinted that he should like to see the man who acted so remarkable a part. The royal council demanded sentence of death, but the cardinal favored him: the inquisitor of Llerena was appointed judge, and he escaped with condemnation to the galleys for ten years. Light as this sentence was, it was not carried into effect. Charles V. admiring the audacity of the man, was curious to see him, and having heard his defence, admitted that so good an end might be admitted in justification of the means, and rewarded him with a pension.

Such was the origin of a tribunal, which in its progress has been productive of the most dreadful miseries, and of which the revival would be accompanied by a repetition of every ancient scene of murder and atrocity. Yet the authors of the General Chronicle contend that the suppression of the inquisition is not a benefit to the people of Spain, because it is at present nothing more than "a censorship of books," and the learned and the wise should not be allowed to trample upon what the poor, the languishing, the ignorant, the feeble minded, hold sacred, and dear, and supporting, and consoling. In other words, we ought never to dissipate any prejudice or delusion, because it may be dear to the weak and the ignorant: the reformation ought not to have been begun, because it aroused many millions of the catholic church from pleasing but deceitful dreams, and the reign of bigotry ought to be perpetual. These writers forget that the inquisition is only harmless, because it is

no longer beneath the guidance of political power, that Bonaparte might still convert it into the instrument of political tyranny, and that the only means of preventing its future abuse is its present dissolution. We hope that the doctrines of the protestant religion are not so detestable in their nature or effects, as to diffuse unhappiness, wherever they are imbibed, and we cannot sympathize therefore in the attachment of the General Chroniclers towards the inquisition, as a means of excluding from the Spaniards the "heresies" of Locke, and Clarke, and Tillotson.

D——L SEDUCTION;

OR,

CORRESPONDENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

SIR,

WHEN the uncle of the present Colonel of the * * * reg. of Dragoons invaded the domestic rights, and destroyed the domestic happiness of a peer of the realm, the example was regarded by the loyal with alarm, and by the virtuous with abhorrence. Since that period so many instances of similar indiscretion have occurred in the family of the late —— of ——, that the vices of its junior branches cease to be any longer the object of fear or detestation: the matron is not ashamed to associate with the objects of their illicit attachments, and the patriot having witnessed the patience and indifference with which their deviations from the paths of virtue have been regarded by the people, laments their errors as productive of personal unhappiness, rather than as the causes or the forerunners of political commotion.

Yet it might have been supposed that the Colonel, himself after his miraculous escape from the fury of jealous revenge, would have been taught the danger and the folly of perseverance in pursuits so criminal, as those which

provoked the revengeful passions of his servant. The profligate of forty, who after innumerable escapes from the just punishment of his iniquities, displays no signs of returning virtue, may deserve the pity of his friends but cannot claim the indulgence of the moralist. The conduct of an individual whose station in society enables him to influence the moral feelings of the community is a just subject of literary observation; and if the general tendency of his pursuits and manners be pernicious, he has no right to complain if the satirist have as little regard to his individual feelings, as he himself displays towards the virtue and happiness of the dependants who surround him.

I call upon you, therefore, as an honest and impartial censor, with whom there ought to be no respect of persons, to hold up to the execration of a British public, his late violation of every principle of honor, and of all the usual decencies of life, in seducing from the arms of her husband, and taking beneath his open and avowed protection, the wife of a man whom he once disgraced by the name of friend, and who had deserved by important services the gratitude of this unfeeling and shameless seducer. Forgetful of the common sentiments of manhood, he first gained access to the bosom of the family, as a man of sorrow seeking consolation in the bosom of friendship; and insensible to the responsibility of his station in society, and regardless of the opinions of the world, he openly laughs at the credulity of the man whom he has injured, and proclaims to the extensive circle of his dependants the conquest he has made. To *him*, therefore, all delicacy would be foolish; nor can any relation of the circumstances attending her seduction, lacerate the feelings of the object of his adulterous love in her present state of degradation.

It is probable that neither remorse for the crime that he had committed, nor vexation at the damages awarded in a court of justice, had so beneficial and salutary effect on his late uncle, as the publication of the correspondence

between him and the object of his affections. That the appearance of the subjoined letters will be productive of equal benefit, after comparing the two characters, I dare not hope; but if it do not shame the Colonel into virtue, it may teach him the value of discretion, and repress his propensity to relate the particulars of his triumph, till he has destroyed the documents by which his falsehoods may be detected and exposed.

I.

Dear ——, *Monday Evening.*

I think you will find the scheme is not so easy as you flatter yourself. He will not be absent longer than two, and Anne remains to dinner, so that you had better do nothing till I see you, which may be to-morrow. Pray do not come to breakfast. I saw ——— yesterday, and though he looked as blythe as *May*, —— did not look pleased. I am sure that he is the person. I am in *earnest.*

II.

Dearest darling *Monday Evening* 10 *o'clock*

How your lovely letter frightened me particularly about Anne as the thing is very unfortunate if you suffer her to spoil all the opportunities and o my dear dear love if you knew how impatient your true ——— is to see you in spite of that man who I declare is unworthy of so sweet a jewel though I am glad he suspects brother —— as it may save us some trouble O if you knew how often I dream of your little hand and fancy that I am folding your dear dear bozom in such ecstacy as you have no idea of we go to morrow my charmer to ——— where P——— is to be and sister in law so that you see we are not the only miserable parted lovers o when I come do not speak to me in that cruel way if I had ten thousand thousand crowns they should all lie at your pretty feet at 6 I call on ——— who is to speak about the nation and we are all to give our protestations which I have consented though I think it will all be the same thing in the end you should have had a ring from Phillips auction where I saw your husband but was

afraid that he would ask you whose gift it was which might lead to discoveries o my dearest love how I do long to see you and the great Pope says love opens his white wings and in a moment flies o I wish I could do so to my dear lovely creature but cruel fate makes me say adieu.

III.

(No signature or date)

The conversation we had together makes me more uneasy the longer I think of it. Depend upon it you will be discovered, and if you be, think for a moment what you have done. You have subjected me to the punishment of guilt, though heaven knows my innocence. I am now at your mercy, if you love me you will cease your visits and destroy these letters. For God's sake remember that my fortune, character, and happiness are in your disposal, and that you may be the guardian or betrayer of my peace. I can say no more.

IV.

Thursday, 3 o'clock.

My love should not be alarmed for her husband who never dreams of any such thing o how can you be so foolish heavens guardian stars protect the lovely creation and you cannot think what daggers your last letter gave me you know that I am sincere in loving you and if you did remember me as you say you would not be thus hesitating sure you cannot refuse to meet me at the Opera to night you should not mind the low ones who may stare at you but it is all envy and your husband may look black but he knows nothing and suspicion wont do we were at O——— yesterday and had music and a large company there was huge F. there and he and old Paunchy cast ogling eyes at each other till we were almost suffocated with keeping in our laughter it was very curious particularly to see Dr——— the chaplain eat the turtle soup at such a pace o my dear you would have laughed and I longed all the while for you to be there the custards were charming and I took too much madeira which this morning has made me cursed sick so you will excuse this scribble though your own dear hand is rather difficult to be cyphered W—— promised to lend me a

thousand but I thought your dear dear purse would not be empty and the more as mine come three weeks after this though I mortally hate receiving it not knowing much of those stupid accounts which makes me admire P. who they say is a very clever fellow at such things but there is some difference between us and such people who are obliged to them being nothing naturally nor of consequence which makes me conclude this letter for want of room o my dearest assure yourself I am your true friend Adieu

V.

Monday Morning.

The more I think on the transactions of Saturday night, the more I hate the present, and dread the future. Did you know how much remorse and anxiety has rent my bosom, since it was pressed to yours, you would pity me. Every time I look on my husband, I feel how ungratefully I have acted, and how degraded I have become. The mansion in which I live, is no longer the scene of domestic pleasure; every thing around me, reminds me of what I was, and what I might have been: life beneath the roof of the injured is insupportable, and if you possess either love or compassion, you will take me from hence. I would sooner confess my guilt, than be obliged to act continually the part of a hypocrite. I know too, from the looks and the whispers of the servants, that all is discovered. Under such circumstances, my only refuge is beneath your protection; your rank will secure me from open insult, and to be always near you, will be some compensation for all the miseries I have endured to your unhappy friend?

VI.

My dear lovey will see by the enclosed letter that it is all managed as it ought to be you will get it copied and put in.

VII.

To A——— ———. *January 26th, 1812.*

SIR,

If beauty and kindness be not disagreeable to a gallant officer, come to St. James's-square, at five o'clock. A lady, in a pink coloured turban, parting an orange, will return your salute.

OPHELIA.

VIII.

February 26th.

Sir,

I am not to be trifled with: send me the sum I ask, and all the letters in your possession, or by all that is tremendous, I will expose you. Your wife shall know all, and then if you appear to the world in the light of a despicable wretch, you will have to blame nobody, but yourself. Yours, as you act,

M—— L——.

IX.

March 11th.

Madam,

Your violence has restored me to myself; though I have become the dupe of an artful woman, I will never submit to be the slave of a mercenary virago: having convinced me that you are utterly destitute of principle and feminine feeling, you have saved me from an act of generous fondness, that would have completed your triumph and ruined the victim of your hypocrisy. I thank you for the haste with which you have unveiled your real character, and am with *due* respect;

Madam,

To Miss M—— L—— Your most obedient servant,

N.

X.

Thursday Morning.

Sir,

The detection of your correspondence with Miss M—— L—— has determined me to leave your house, and throw myself on the protection of one who knows how to appreciate female worth, and can distinguish between love and mercenary attachment. An answer to this letter will reach me at —— house.

N.

XI.

March 13.

If you still retain any affection for a husband whose only fault has been too blind and enthusiastic a regard for your happiness, and who but for the singularity of your late conduct would have shrunk with abhorrence from the thought of causing you a moment's uneasiness, for his sake as well as your

own, return to his protection. After what has past we never can be happy, but the censures of the world, will not reach you in the bosom of your family, or may die away and be forgotten. Your afflicted father joins in this request with

Your unfortunate husband,

N.

XII.

Thursday, April 2d.

Your depredations on my fortune, under pretext of necessity, and in the form of a pretended friend, I could have easily forgiven; but no elevation of rank, shall place you beyond the reach of an injured husband: the gentleman who delivers this is my friend, and will convey to me your sentiments, and as nothing but your refusal to wave the privileges of your rank, can deprive me of the satisfaction of a man of honor, he is authorized to mention the time, place, and manner of our meeting.

I have the honor to be,

———'s Your most obedient servant,

N.

XIII.

Dear N. *Half past eight o'clock.*

I waited upon his ———, and was received with politeness bordering on impertinence. He assured me that nothing on earth shall induce him to wave his privilege, on so trifling an affair, and he is determined not to receive any further intimations from a man who understands, or regards so little the common observances due to his rank and station.

Yours, truly,

R. G———R.

From the preceding correspondence it will be seen that previous to the elopement of the lady, a plan was concerted between her and her noble lover, by which they might not only throw the blame on the admiral, but prevent the possibility of a divorce; for this purpose a cast off mistress of the ——— was selected as the instrument of their intrigue, and in her name No. 7 was transmitted. Her blandishments overcame the a———'s

fortitude, and after she had succeeded sufficiently for every purpose of evidence, she wrote No. 8, and sent it at such a moment, and in such a manner, that it might be opened by Mrs. —— in the presence of her husband, and thus afford a pretext of elopement, that in the eyes of the fashionable world might almost appear to justify her infidelity. On the cowardice of evading the a——'s resentment by crouching behind the shield of privilege, or on the meanness and insensibility that have characterized every part of his ——'s conduct in the progress of the intrigue, and subsequent to the elopement, it would be superfluous to comment.

If I am not grossly misinformed the —— is indebted to the husband, whose domestic happiness he has destroyed, in no less a sum than 20,000*l.* lent him for the supply of his necessities. Elopements are always accompanied by expence, and it is probable that the messengers from his to the admiral's house were paid for out of his own money. What a glorious example does the conduct of the seducer afford to the nobility of the kingdom! With what gratitude must every domestic man look up to the junior branches of a family so expert and so notorious in every description of intrigue, and in all the arts that contribute to the destruction of domestic happiness!

BRUTUS.

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER. No. X.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOURGE.

SIR, *Glasgow, April 18th,* 1811.

I PERUSED the last number of your Scourge, (as indeed all the preceding ones,) with much satisfaction; but while the general sentiments contained in it appear

to me highly creditable to your independence and to the abilities of their writers, there is a particular passage in the Political Observer for April, which I consider deserving of marked reprobation. It is as follows, "at present much as the people detest Lord Castlereagh, and despise the puppets who have been selected to fill the vacancies that might have been occupied by an Erskine or a Grey, they would rather obey the worst and most venial of the present ministry, than witness the unconditional return of the whigs."

Now, Sir, should this be admitted, all expectations of any change, and consequently of any improvement must be abandoned; and if such sentiments should unhappily be general, we have nothing to expect but the continuance of Mr. Perceval in office, and of those measures that have brought this country to its present state, and will ultimately bring it to total ruin.

For my own part I must confess, I would rather submit to the worst and most venial of the present ministry, and there never was a ministry in which such characters did so predominate, than witness any other than the unconditional return of the whigs— because did they abandon their former principles, they abandon the very things for which I conceive them deserving of support; and because in doing it they would shew themselves to be as base and venial as these whom they should displace.

When I see persons speaking, like your Political Observer *in this instance*, who in place of descending to argument, content themselves with abuse (even though that abuse may extend to both parties,) I am apt to think them only Percevalites in disguise, who wisely consider that the best method of defending the present is by abusing the late ministry—as though their friends may suffer at the same time, nothing can render them more thoroughly despicable than they at present are, while by this means they may (which is all they want) reduce the opposition to a level with themselves.

I do not pretend, Sir, to defend the sudden change of tone on the part of the opposition towards the Prince Regent: they now treat him as I think they long ought to have done—and what I blame them for, is not unmerited abuse now, but unmerited praise before—the filial duty which induced the Prince during the restrictions, to retain Mr. Perceval and his associates in office, proved so new a feature in his character, that for my part, I could not help feeling some surprise and a little suspicion, and time has verified my fears.

The Prince's letter to the Duke of York, I have always considered as a mere trick unworthy of his R. H—— However respectable those in power, it could not be expected nor even desired, (since it could only be effected by a sacrifice of principle) that the opposition should coalesce with those they had so long opposed, and in doing so, abandon all there former professions;—and to say that a united and powerful administration could not be formed unless Mr. Perceval, and Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth formed component parts, is what few I believe will be weak enough to assert.

Permit me to add, that it appears to me rather hard to hold the whig leaders responsible for every paragraph in the Morning Chronicle—and that it strikes me as rather demeaning them, to make them act as editors to a daily newspaper.

But, Sir, the reasons why I consider that Lords Grey and Grenville and their friends merit a preference, is not that I conceive them altogether pure and blameless, but because I think them greatly more so than their political opponents; because they are of the first rank, character, and ability, while the others are equally destitute of each; and because, infinite good may result from a change of men and measures, while I cannot think it possible for worse ministers to be in power, or worse measures to be pursued than at present.

To conclude, Sir, the opposition recommend the concession of the catholic claims. They recommend a more

conciliating spirit towards America and other powers, and while they do not wish us to abandon the war or our allies, they recommend a little more attention to economy in the prosecution of it; and since their conduct has shewn that they would not, like some others, sacrifice every principle of honor or duty to a continuance in office, I conceive them for these reasons deserving of support.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

D. L.

We have inserted the preceding communication, because it comprizes, within a reasonable compass, the substance of a multitude of letters, and because the greater part of the positions it contains, will best be answered by the reflections that have been naturally excited by the political discussions of the month. We must confess, however, at the outset, that we do not see the impossibility of a compromise between the opposing parties: to yield a little on both sides has been the usual practice of men, who regarded their personal aggrandisement as only secondary to the promotion of their country's welfare: to lay it down as a maxim of political virtue, that the leaders of the two great parties can never coalesce, is to subject the monarch to the necessity of unconditional compliance with all the wishes of his selected counsellors. He cannot, according to the reasoning of our correspondent, accept the services of Lord Grenville, because that nobleman supports the emancipation of the catholics, without acquiescing in every mistaken opinion, or sanctioning every hasty resolution that he may have once expressed. Suppose for a moment that the Prince is resolved to persevere in the Peninsula war and to support the orders in council, and is yet inclined to emancipate the catholics; his decision is probably as wise as that of either party, and is certainly accordant with the wishes of the people, yet according to the doctrines of those

who contend for the impossibility of a coalition, he would be unable to form a ministry that should carry his system of policy into execution.

But the assertion that a coalition would be impossible, comes with peculiar effect from the admirers of Fox and the retainers of Grenville: from the eulogists of a man who united in the strictest coalition with an inveterate political enemy, on whom he had exhausted every epithet of abuse; and from the partizans of a nobleman, who now condescends to make a common cause with those "lower Foxites," whose principles at one time he affected to abhor, and whom just before the death of Mr. Fox, he declared to be a mean, selfish and intemperate crew, of whom the aristocracy ought to be ashamed!

We shall admit, for a moment, because we have not time to dispute its truth, that the members of opposition outshine their rivals in ability; but if their talents be great, they are not of that description which renders an administration useful at home, and formidable abroad. Of what use are the accomplishments of the scholar, and the wit, unaccompanied by practical wisdom, and by habits of official regularity? We have seen the opposition in place, and what did they do? Indolence and irresolution were the characteristics of their progress; nor did they retire from situations, of which they had not fulfilled the duties, without robbing the unhappy people, who are now persuaded to clamour for their return, of sinecures and pensions to a greater amount than all the grants and defalcations of any seven years of Mr. Pitt's administration.

We can see no reason why the Prince Regent, in the choice of his ministry, must necessarily select his servants from one party or the other; but so long as this necessity is admitted, we must prefer, on the whole, the friends of Mr. Perceval. The *ins* are intent upon robbery, but they commit their depredations openly: the *outs* have already stolen the most valuable articles within their reach, and look forward to the prospect of future booty;

yet continue from day to day, to *cant* about patriotism and honesty; to commiserate the distresses of the people, and to declaim on the necessity of reform and œconomy. For their personal claims on the support and admiration of the public, they have no claims to superiority, but in the qualifications that facilitate the commission of profligacy without fear or shame, and the pursuit of political intrigue. Regarding the two parties as the authors and originators of certain political measures, we think that the Perceval administration is more likely to benefit the country, and deserve its gratitude than any which could be formed by the leaders of the opposite party. To the public there is only a choice of difficulties.—The men in power oppose the emancipation of the catholics, but support the orders in council, and persevere in the war of the Peninsula: to the last two divisions of our policy, the opposition are decidedly hostile; while on their services in the catholic cause, they rest their claim to the support of the Irish members. Now we think that considering the urgency of the question respecting the Peninsular war, the known sentiments of the outs respecting it, would afford sufficient ground in the opinion of those who regard the Spanish cause as neither unjust nor hopeless, for their exclusion from the Regent's councils. The catholic question may be postponed to times of quietness and content; the orders in council might be modified or given up, and reissued after the experiment in their original force; but the war in the Peninsula must be supported with vigor, or immediately abandoned. It is one of the misfortunes, therefore, that the exclusion of the opposition from power, cannot, even supposing the admission of all their reasonings, be productive of any immediate danger: the continuance of our troops in Portugal, for a few months longer, even supposing the Peninsular war to be impolitic, our perseverance a little longer in the orders in council, or the temporary postponement of the catholic discussion, cannot be productive of an immediate or fatal effect on

the interests of the empire: while the effect of their return to power, supposing them to act up to their former principles, would be instantaneous, and if pernicious irretrievable. Of the Peninsular war, we have always been the enthusiastic, but not the irrational supporters: it is some encouragement to look forward with hope, that our former prophecies—prophecies hazarded in defiance of the forebodings of our adversaries, have been fulfilled beyond the expectation of the most ardent patriots: our success has been so striking and so undeniable, that those who at first reprobated our expeditions because victory was impossible, are now reduced to ask in what the use of victory consists, or to deplore the inadequacy of our resources to extensive operations in foreign warfare. The question of economy we shall dismiss, by observing that reform at home would more than repay us for ten years of protracted warfare on the Peninsula; and that since the sinecures and pensions obtained by the opposition, from the public purse, more than equal in amount the whole of the expences incurred by Lord Wellington during the last year, they could not more effectually testify their attachment to their king and country than by resigning them. If our dangers and difficulties be so great as the opposition represent them to be, there is the greater necessity for keeping the enemy at a distance. If we be on the brink of ruin, let us fight our enemy on the last outwork, rather than suffer him to attack the citadel itself. If a mighty machine under the direction of a skilful engineer, be about to be directed against us, it is better to prevent its play, and retard its motion, by entangling the wheels, or deranging the machinery, than to await the shock of its collected force. When Spain is conquered, England only remains; while Spain is unsubdued, England is secure: if the struggle in the Peninsula be favorable to liberty, other nations and other countries will be aroused to the assertion of their independence; if, on the contrary, our efforts be fruitless, we have fulfilled our duty to Europe, and

to ourselves; we have done all that honorable valour could perform: the conquest of our own country is as distant as at the beginning of the contest; and our officers and troops have learned in a foreign clime to defend their native shores, and protect their paternal dwellings.

The determination, therefore, of the Regent to persevere in our present system of foreign warfare, was understood by the people, with a satisfaction that overpowered for a while, every sentiment of sorrow or surprize. But acts of fatuity like the reinstatement of Lord Castlereagh and the appointment of Col. Macmahon, (both of which we presume must be regarded as the acts of the minister,) cannot be repeated without receiving their just reward; nor did we *dare* to express the feeling of the public, in language proportionate to its warmth, should the adviser of His Royal Highness venture by any measures of equal infamy to exasperate an injured and insulted people. We will venture to assert that there is not to be found in the annals of the English history, an act of such wilful and gratuitous iniquity, so openly and avowedly committed in opposition to the wishes of the people, and in defiance of the most unequivocal expressions of the popular indignation as the reinstatement of Lord Castlereagh. In other days the dependants and parasites of a weak or profligate minister have been loaded with honors, and entrusted with the most important interests of the empire; but it was reserved for the present momentous æra to witness the return to an important office of an individual, from the delineation of whose character we are only restrained by the recollection, that to his immaculate reputation more than one public writer have been already sacrificed.

On this and other subjects of complaint, we are glad that the corporation of London possesses and exercises the right of expressing its opinion, however much we disapprove of several propositions advanced in the speeches of Mr. Waithman and his friends, and expressed in the printed resolutions. Neither the Prince Regent

nor his counsellors, examine the specific points, that have become the subject of civic discussion: popular petitions are chiefly useful, as expressing the general bias of public opinion, and as affording to the sovereign, or his parasites *tangible* proof of the existence of an independent spirit. The Prince and his courtiers are well aware to what part of their public conduct they may justly ascribe the formal expression of popular sentiment: if many injudicious topics, and many unconstitutional doctrines be introduced into a petition, they detract but little from its general effect. Reform and the Duke of York, may be injudiciously mentioned at the present crisis of affairs; but were not the general conduct of the Prince Regent the subject of popular dissatisfaction, they would not have formed the subordinate topics in a list of grievances.

That the nation labours indeed under great and accumulated burdens is too evident from the solemn and melancholy silence, with which the people have witnessed the accession of the Regent to supreme authority. The combined impulse of adulation and the love of novelty, has been insufficient to arouse the people to the expression of any feelings accordant with so joyful an event. It is in vain that the antijacobins endeavour to persuade the people that they are perfectly happy, and ought to be the most joyous of mankind. Taxes, bankruptcies, and the cessation of labour, present themselves to view in undisguised and tangible reality.

That the quantity of national wealth is greater than at any former period of our history, and that those of the common classes, who do obtain employment, are better fed, and more copiously supplied with all the comforts of life than their immediate predecessors, we are disposed to admit; but is it a necessary consequence of our paper credit and the extent of our commerce, that wealth should be unequally diffused, and that while many of the lower classes enjoy even the luxuries of

life, their fellow men should only be able to obtain an uncertain and scanty subsistence. Where many are rich, the majority are uncomfortable; the gentry are dwindling away, and there is no alternative between want and speculation. A fortune or nothing, is now the general choice; the annuitants have become too poor to support many dependants; their servants and relatives seek for employment in the houses of the wealthy, or become a part of the manufacturing or commercial community. In either case the majority have no capital to begin business for themselves, and cannot always find employment as subordinates. The new outlets to labour and speculation that we have lately discovered, do not compensate for the cessation of several branches of European trade: a spirit of adventure has been excited, and just when it was about to ripen into active maturity, its operations have been circumscribed within the most narrow bounds; nor can any remedy be found for the miseries of our situation, but a total revolution in the affairs of Europe.

In the popular clamour against the pernicious effects of our paper system, we have always been unwilling to acquiesce. That the paper currency of this country has of late enormously increased, and almost entirely supplanted the use of specie, is certainly true; but we see in this increase nothing but what is ultimately advantageous to the commercial interest. The credit of individuals will always sooner or later find its level, and although some, by speculating in the public confidence in bank-notes and paper money of every description, are enabled to raise fortunes without capital, and to live merely by assisting to depreciate the circulating medium, without adding any thing to the stock of commodities, we will venture to assert that they could not exist very long in such a false warmth, did not the individuals whose labours actually produce commodities find it their interest to afford their support. Many country bankers may be considered as nothing more than the banking clerks of

the opulent manufacturers, land-holders, and inland traders in their respective neighbourhoods. The wealth of which these notes may be the representative, is not their own; but they are agents for the value of that wealth, which is in the hands of their employers. In all this we are so far from perceiving any thing reprehensible, that we are ready to congratulate the country on the credit which enables it to export its specie to those markets, where it may again become the price and the payment of commodities, the produce of British labour and of British commerce.

What then is the evil to which our paper currency gives the greatest support? The prosperity of a commercial and manufacturing country, while it adds to the comforts and to the enjoyments of those whose pursuits are attached to the course of its opulence, necessarily, by the depreciation which it causes in the value of money, contracts the powers of those who possess invariable annuities: these as well as the stock-holder must certainly see and feel their property sink yearly in value, without the means of preventing it. Since the vast accumulation of national debt, the number of persons whose sole or chief property consists of stock in the public funds, must be very considerable, and if we add to them the number of those whose sole or chief property consists of annuities, mortgages, or other charges upon land, the amount will probably appear not very insignificant when compared with that of the land-holders themselves. The great bias of the nation is to the active increase of property, and those who cannot sustain the rush of the current, but are compelled to drift in the shallows on either side, must be contented with a fate for which it is impossible to point out a remedy. The evil is great, but we are afraid that it is necessary. The circulation of credit is necessary to a state of unrestrained and extended commerce, and to the retention of that portion of national prosperity that we actually possess; and though the resumption of cash payments, might render that

credit more secure, it would not have any tendency to alleviate the distresses that arise from that extension of the funding system to which the utility of a paper medium is proportionate.

ENGLISH INQUISITORS.

SIR,

In an early number of your work, you presented the public with a report of the society for the persecution of the poor, so perfectly descriptive of its nature and pursuits, that no one can hereafter apologize for the commission of obnoxious acts on the Lord's day, by pretending ignorance of the pains and penalties, with which he may be visited. It is to be feared, however, that many of those who well know what is criminal, may feel some difficulty in determining what is *not so;* and I crave permission, therefore, in order to relieve them from their present state of hesitation and uncertainty, to lay before you a list of the enormities, that do not come within the cognizance, or usually obtain the sanction and approval of the suppressors and reformers. As this object will be best effected in particular instances, by opposition and comparison, you will excuse the recapitulation of several acts of the society, that have already fallen within the sphere of your censorial observation.

That a labourer who has employed six days of the week in obtaining the means of innocent enjoyment for the seventh, should have the iniquitous presumption to make himself decent on the sabbath, is deeply to be lamented. Washing and shaving on the morning of holy rest, are, in the poor and industrious classes, acts of the

most gross impiety, and the most profligate depravity; the wretch who administers to the latter of these crimes, by the exercise of his razor, deserves the reprobation of every friend to social order and our holy religion, and is a fit object of legal vengeance. Petty barbers, therefore, should be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law: Bridewell is too good for them; and it is hoped and trusted that no magistrate from a principle of mistaken leniency, will so far forget his own dignity, or his duty to his country, as to mitigate the penalties attaching to this mode of violating the sabbath.

But let it be observed, that if the tonsor be rich, or his customers above the "lower orders of society," he may shave and frizzify from morning till night, without subjecting himself to the notice or interference of the society. A barber of Liquorpond-street, who is glad to earn a scanty subsistence, by mowing the beards of his Sunday customers, is a sinful and impious wretch, deserving the most immediate and exemplary punishment; but Alexander Ross, or Mr. Vicary, or any other *respectable* hair-dresser, who has already acquired a fortune by his puffs, may send out his servants in every direction, and thus contribute to adorn the persons of all the afternoon risers from Portland-place to Finsbury-square, without exciting a spark of momentary indignation in the bosoms of the worthy suppressors. Nor let it be supposed, that they themselves conceive it to be in any degree inconsistent with their religious duties, to make themselves "comfortable and pleasant," before they set out on their Sunday Inquisitions; they sally out in search of *barbar*ous offenders, with chins well shaved, and wigs well powdered.

It is a shocking act of impiety in the poor classes, to send the only joint of meat that they can obtain in the course of the week, to the public oven; and the baker who presumes to save himself from starving by the receipt of Sunday pence, should be regarded by every true christian as a rogue and vagabond. Not so in the

"more elevated circles of society." A regiment of servants may be employed during the whole of the sabbath, in frying, and baking, and stewing, and boiling, without receiving even a frown of indignation from the suppressors. I have even been told, Sir, though I can scarcely believe it, that they will condescend to eat of dinners so profanely provided. Certain I am, that they feel no compunctious visitings of conscience at keeping the waiters of the London Tavern, from afternoon prayers, by retiring from their inquisitorial labours, to boast of their success over a bottle of particular Madeira.

A game at skittles is a dreadful abomination. When half a dozen clowns seek for relaxation in manly and athletic exercise, all the patriotism of the magistrates is aroused. Surrounded by a posse of constables, he marches in form to seize the vagabonds who venture to suppose that some degree of personal liberty is the birthright of an Englishman, and commits them to Bridewell with all the formality of law. But let a marquis kill a dozen horses, by a match at horse racing, and the worthy gentleman is silent: the nobility demand our reverence, and to wink at their follies, is the duty of every friend to social order and our holy religion.

Licentious pictures or naked statues, when exhibited to the lower orders of the people, are the just objects of reprobation; but the Phallic representation of Mr. Knight, or the exposure of the living person at the west end of the town, is perfectly innocent. An unfortunate sculptor in Holborn, has been compelled to take out of his window the Belvidere Apollo and the Venus de Medicis, by a suppressor who gloats upon the statues deposited in the private rooms of the British Museum, and has no objection to attend the anatomical lectures of the Royal Academy.

In short, Sir, if vice be fashionable or wealthy it is innocent. Gaming houses are *above* the attention of the suppressors; drunkenness and lasciviousness are deprived of all their disgusting qualities by being cloathed in silk,

or practised by the wealthy: the poor alone are the objects of virtuous indignation; to religious inquisitors, an exalted harlot is the object of adulation, while a common s——t is committed to Bridewell.

That these assertions are not the result of prejudice or injustice, your readers will be able to determine for themselves by comparing the subjoined list of what the society has done eastward of Temple-bar, with what remains to be done a mile or two westward.

Abstract of proceedings at the Auxiliary Suppression Society. 1811.

17 Convicted of shaving between the hours of ten and twelve on Sunday.

42 Butchers fined for selling meat to poor persons whose work was not finished early enough on Saturday night, to leave them time for *market making*.

26 Sunday ovens closed.

2 Pastry cooks shops closed.

14 Publicans deprived of their licences for permitting the game of skittles.

1 Sculptor *indicted* for a nuisance in exhibiting a Venus at his window, &c. &c. &c.

It is not a little singular that while this auxiliary society is so anxious for the purity of pot houses it should pass without remark or procedure the house of entertainment of which the following is an advertisement.

COLONIAL COFFEE-HOUSE.

No. 1, *Skinner-Street, (adjoining the Coffee Mart, London)*

WILL OPEN TO-MORROW,

Handsomely fitted up, for the accommodation of the public, and also with the view of promoting the welfare of the British coffee and sugar plantations.

Coffee, &c. for Breakfast, &c. 1s. each
Single Cup, &c. - 6d. each.

Morning and Evening Papers will be provided. Tablets, in gilt Frames, descriptive of the various pro-

fessions in the Fine Arts, Trades, Manufactures, &c. may be put up in the Coffee Room. Also Bills of Sales by Auctioneers, &c. &c.

A Subscription Room, on the First Floor, is fitted up in *an elegant Style, with Private Entrance*, for THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, and will be opened in a few days, liberally supplied with Magazines, Reviews, Gazette, Morning and Evening Papers, Lloyd's List, Price Current, *Shipping Intelligence, foreign and domestic*, &c.—Subscribers to be allowed to take coffee in this room.---*A sitting room for the use of Ladies* (*Subscribers*) *exclusively*.

⁎ As it is intended the number of Subscribers shall be limited, and as select as possible; it therefore is requested *that Ladies and Gentlemen* who may feel disposed to support this superior establishment, will leave their address with MRS. Allen, at the Bar of the Colonial Coffee-House.

It is not to be supposed indeed that the society of suppressors have any legal jurisdiction over the general amusements of ladies and gentlemen; but when these amusements are facilitated, or accompanied by *private entrances*, it might be expected that they would become the objects of suspicion to gentlemen so expert in *smelling out* indecency, and so watchful over every possible mode of intercourse between the sexes. The advertisement indeed informs us that the apartment is intended for use as well amusement: now utility divides itself into a variety of branches, and perhaps the suppressors are of opinion that to make the barren fruitful, and the childless happy; to instruct the ignorant and cherish the languishing, are objects deserving of magisterial sanction and popular encouragement.

Nor is it impossible that the lovely Mrs. Allen may be the sister of an inquisitor who visits the private room without the payment of a preliminary subscription, and convinced by ocular demonstration of its multifarious

conveniences, is unwilling by the terrors of visitation to obstruct the amusement of Mrs. Allen's guests, or diminish the utility of Mrs. Allen's sofas.

The friends too of social order, and our holy religion may possibly remember the disasters that have befallen their exalted patrons, and may wish that private entrances had been long ago transferred from Skinner Street to ——— Place and ——— Palace. Had private entrances been common to places of amusement, the throat of ——— would not have been cut, by whomsoever that operation was performed, nor would the delicate investigation have puzzled the wits of Mr. Perceval. A private entrance to a long career of iniquity would have saved certain renowned personages from charges of sporting fraud, and is certainly more to be desired than a public *exit*. It is unfortunately the predominating fault of a particular family, that they will make their entrance into certain premises with so much ostentation, as to make us doubt, whether their attempts to be useful, are not more productive of *amusement*, than of living testimonials to their prowess.

To strain at a gnat and swallow a camel is not uncommon with fanatical hypocrites: I do not wish that even the Colonial* Coffee-house should be visited with an inquisition; but for the sake of decency let those who pass it without observation, cease their persecution of bakers and hair-dressers.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

P. WILSON.

Finsbury Square.

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* That the advertisement is perfectly innocent, does not diminish our astonishment that it should have escaped the ready suspicion of the suppressors.

CLERICAL ATHEISM.

"No atheist, as such, can be a true friend, an affectionate relation, or a loyal subject."

BENTLEY.

THIS is saying a great deal in a very little room, and, I admonish my readers to bear it in remembrance, this multum in parvo, was the production of an English divine of the last century; if I were to hear a like solemn asseveration, from the mouth of most of the present, I do seriously say, I should not in the least be surprised; but it must be owned the thing would be received as—*words of course.* Much more has been said and written, concerning atheists and atheism than, I conceive, has been in any tolerable degree understood. The number of offences constituting atheism, in its common acceptation, are infinite; and the task would be tedious indeed to enumerate each particular link in the graduated chain, from the profane sneer at a trencher cap, or black silk apron, to the robbing of a wren's nest; nevertheless it may not be entirely irrelevant to aim at the institution of an inquiry, unto what class or classes of men, the title of atheism is justly imputable; as it is more than probable, numbers have labored under that opprobrium, who did not deserve it, while, on the other hand, many more have escaped, who have but too well merited the appellation. One leading feature in the concern, ought never, for a moment, to be lost sight of, namely, that in all ages, the *clergy* have been the first to raise the mob, upon any man the least notional in points of religion; there is little or no analogy, to be sure, between the *cloth* and the *ladies*, otherwise it might be rather suspicious, as among the latter, it is not at all unfrequent for the greatest * * * * * to cry out * * * * * first. *An atheist* is said to be a person, who denies the existence of a God. *Lay atheists*

exist but in few places, and have never been very numerous any where; even though all those be accounted such, upon whom atheism has ever been charged. But where they do exist, they seem to owe their rise principally to their indulging themselves in comparing the *actions* of priests, with their *duty* as such; and the more flagrant the lives of the clergy have been, the more numerous have been the back-slidings to atheism: nay, there are men, who rather more than suspect there is just cause to believe *priests are more liable to be infected with atheism than other men.* The great mass of mankind, when left to the exercise of their sober senses, always make up their opinion of a man from his *actions*—not his *words.* A man may laughingly say, what excellent diversion it is to turn cyphers into sixes and nines on a rainy day, and yet never wilfully defraud a customer of a single farthing in the whole course of a long life. A woman may not " mince virtue, nor shake the head to hear of pleasure's name," and yet fill the several stations of maid, wife, and mother in the most exemplary manner imaginable; but, if the tradesman is once found slippery in his accompts, or the woman " nothing loath," all the palaver of the one, or the demure cant of the other, will never pass current against *actions* :--wilful, premeditated actions, are like facts, stubborn things. A character may not be inaptly compared to a new coat, once dashed, the more you brush, the more you injure the nap, its pristine lustre is fled, irrecoverably vanished. Priests suspected of atheism? There is something terrific in the sound? Ministers of the gospel of Jesus, denying by their actions the existence of a God? The idea of such traitorous openly-avowed rebellion against heaven is truly abhorrent, and yet, I fear, the suspicion is far from being groundless. I do sincerely, from my soul, pity those devoted beings, who, to sooth the vanity of a doting aunt, or hen-pecked father are destined *from their caudles* to the taking of *holy orders,* those orders which they after-

wards, on receiving, swear, call upon the Almighty Creator of the universe to witness they were moved unto by the *impulse of the holy spirit.* Charity points out these poor wretches to be ranked among the victims immolated on the altar of pride, nevertheless

> The *means for food*, should still be *honest means*;
> "Else were it well *to starve*."

But what shall be said of those impious men, who voluntarily, at age of apparent discretion, break down all the barriers of moral rectitude, and rush upon oath after oath, subscription after subscription, depending on subterfuge, sophism, casuistry, and logic (that literary bed of Procrustes) to elude the vigilance of omniscience. Can such a man be a *true friend*, an *affectionate relation*, or a *loyal subject*? No, no, he may be a *jolly fellow*, a *sound bottom*; and as to loyalty he may halloo three times three to the emptying of the fourth bottle; but is there any comparison between a man's *merely saying there is no God*, and the *doing* such things? If a man, in *holy orders* were to leave a card-table under a wager to perform a certain part of his clerical duty before a stated number of *deals* had gone round, and by jabbering over *divine service* in the most indecorous manner, be enabled to perform it, if, under the ear-gratifying plaudits of fools and gamblers, that man should happen to reflect in whose presence he has been officiating, and whether had his patron my lord the squire been present, he would have acted exactly in the same style, his feelings, I conceive, would not be over enviable. If the preacher in the most forcible latitude of pulpit declamation, adjudges fornication and adultery to the penalty of eternal damnation, and yet before the next morning that identical being is chased from his neighbour's house by an enraged husband, or has his favorite female conveyed snugly once a year to her *native air* for the benefit of her *health*, can it, for a moment be supposed he can impose on his hearers to imagine he *believes* what *he says*? Can such a

though correct as far as it goes, is imperfect; and I beg leave, therefore, to transmit to you a few memoranda drawn up long before my acquaintance with the other branches of the family, and universally allowed to be correct.

He was born in the province of Connaught, where the descendants from the aborigines of the island, and those of the old Milesian race mostly reside. His parents were peasants of the lowest order, and though in the latter part of his life, he was able to assume the *sang froid* in his manners and conversation, he was perfectly illiterate: but being blest with a good memory and native drollery, he was seldom at a loss in conversation, and took part in every subject proposed—always pleasant, and never offensive, for though his voice was coarse, his address was complaisant.

He rose by flattery, the gradations of his adventures were through the medium of gambling, and at last having been ruined by play, he was arrested, and laid for a considerable time a prisoner in the Fleet, where after several months residence, he became tapster to the warden.

It was here, that his acquaintance with Charlotte Hayes originated: she had money, and he possessed those abilities of person and constitution, which she preferred to all others, and they formed a connection without the interference of Hymen, which lasted till death stept in and dissolved the *sentimental* union; a proof on his part, if not of love, at least of gratitude.

After three years confinement, O'Kelly and his fair one were liberated from prison, and they both immediately set down in pursuit of plans which they had laid while in duress.

Charlotte took a house in King's Place, or rather a temple for the celebration of the orgies of Venus, and O'Kelly who had been invested in the Fleet with the title of count, got acquainted with customers, who in return for their enjoyment of his porter, made him a complete master of horse-flesh, and let him into all the arts,

arising from a knowledge of the turf. One of them permitted him to become a purchaser of the half quarter of the celebrated horse Eclipse, bred by the Duke of Cumberland uncle to the present duke, of which, in a short time, he became sole proprietor, and on the turf as a racer, and in the stable as a stallion, this animal first raised for its proprietor, several thousand pounds, and obtained him an annuity from the Jockey Club, on condition of withdrawing him.

In 1760 Mr. Kelly accepted an ensigncy in the Westminster regiment of militia, and by degrees arose to the rank of lieutenant colonel: from the above date to 1777, he found many difficulties in supporting his stud; but Charlotte being successful in her avocation, purchased a small estate at Clay Hill, near Epsom, where she built a house of which she constituted the count ostensible master; and here he kept his stud, and here saw the best company; but here he would never permit any species of play to go forward, or even matches for the course to be made.

The anecdote of Kelly's mistaking his bed-chamber at an inn in York, must not escape notice: mistaking his chamber, he got into that of a lady—he got into her bed. The lady startled, screamed, and alarmed the house. The count would have retreated, but was prevented by a crowd who surrounded the door, and prevented it; and if it had not been for the entreaties of the lady, he would probably have fallen a sacrifice to rash and ill-founded resentment. The business did not end here, the lady's relations commenced an action against O'Kelly, and he was terrified into the disbursement of five hundred pounds.

Scarcely had he got free from this difficulty, before another presented itself. A party having dined, at a coffee-house, under the Piazza in Covent-garden, of which Dick England made one, a gentleman of the company came into the public room, where Mr. O'Kelly and a Mr. Rochfort, afterwards shot in a duel at Warley Common, were then abusing Mr. England, in terms

of the grossest kind, though Rochfort had been under very many obligations to him. The gentleman returning to his company, repeated what he had heard, upon which England privately departed, and entering the coffee-room, seized each of his calumniators by the heads, which he knocked together, and afterwards beat both till they took asylum under the tables. For this assault he was indicted, and pleading guilty, the court of King's Bench on hearing the affidavit in mitigation of punishment read, fined the defendant *one shilling.*

Kelly by his successes at the turf, having acquired a very considerable fortune, purchased the seat formerly belonging to the Duke of Chandos, called Cannons, situated in the county of Middlesex, near Stanmore; and here after a very short possession, he was seized by a violent fit of the gout, which Dr. Warren could not, with all his skill, expel from his stomach, and he died at about the sixty-seventh year of his age.

As to his disposition of mind, it wanted nothing but early cultivation; for though the habits of his life, being a professed gambler, cannot be commended, yet his intentions were good, and expanded as his fortune increased. He was charitable without ostentation, and prosperity did not elate him with pride; for as you well know he called his relations from obscurity and penury, supported them in ease and plenty, and at his death left them independent.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

R. M.

CARICATURES.

Sir,

I have always regarded the caricatures, accompanying your valuable publication, as trifles intended to contribute to the amusement of your readers, rather than as the productions of grave and serious study, designed to inculcate any particular opinions, or calling upon the Editor of the Scourge for any share of personal responsibility, except that which may attach to their original conception. The multitude of readers must be amused as well as instructed; and because you sometimes exhibit Sir Francis Burdett in a ridiculous attitude, and sometimes represent a certain personage in a whimsical point of view; you are not in the one case, an enemy to freedom, and in the other a disloyal subject, or an enemy to kingly government.

But the Editor of the Morning Post, always alert on the side of persecution, and quick beyond example in the detection of treason and disloyalty, has lately indulged in a series of paragraphs, respecting these harmless instruments of general amusement, that if they have any meaning at all, are intended to excite the government to the suppression of all caricatures, that do not satirise the opposition or the reformers. He is pleased to describe the representations of Mr. Perceval, that are so frequently seen in the windows of the print-shops, as infamous and deserving of magisterial interference; he virtually praises the loyalty of the Baron Geramb, in breaking the window of a bookseller, that contained a caricature of the Prince Regent; and even ventures to imply that the Attorney General would do no discredit to himself or his sovereign, by visiting the authors of humorous prints, with indictments and ex-officio informations.

Unfortunately for the Baron, the nature and motives

of his loyalty, have been since developed to the satisfaction of every one but himself; and so striking a proof, that the cant of loyalty may sometimes be assumed for sinister purposes, should not be forgotten by the people. If Mr. B. had not been equally destitute of modesty and recollection, it would have occurred to him, that the most "infamous and obnoxious caricatures" have been exhibited by the party of which he is the advocate; that Gilray was paid by the Pittite administration, for representing its opponents in the characters of traitors, and rogues, and vagabonds; and that this system is continued, if not under the immediate direction, beneath the indirect auspices of the present ministers.

He might remember too, that our beloved and unfortunate monarch, was not less the object of undeserved and severe exhibition than his successor; that during a long reign, and with all the power on his side, that attachment could give to established authority, he was either unwilling or unable, to subject the authors of the most offensive caricatures of his person, to legal visitation, and that at many of the more playful compositions, he joined in the laughter of his subjects. By suggesting the possibility of a different line of conduct in the Regent, he is exposing him to be regarded, for a moment at least, in a point of view comparatively and positively unfavorable; as a Prince who no sooner assumes the reins of government, than he encroaches on our freedom of thought and action, and gratifies a spirit of personal vindictiveness, at the expence of liberty.

The liberty of the press has been nearly extinguished by silent encroachment. One step further, and no man can exhibit a picture or erect a statue, without being in danger of Newgate or the pillory. A painter will be excluded from depicting the death of Nero, because the face of the tyrant may have some inconvenient resemblance to that of some despotic *minister* of state; and to delineate the amours of Caligula and his sister, may

subject the artist to imprisonment, because it recals to the public mind the *loves* of a noble but licentious *hero*.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

V. V.

London, April 28th, 1812.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes*.

Covent Garden.

Our attention has been called from the novelties at the Lyceum by the unexpected demonstration at the rival theatre of a spirit of independent and legitimate criticism, which if its future perseverance be equal to its immediate energy, may effect an important and salutary revolution in the state of our national drama. It behoves every man who has any regard for the taste of the present or the morals of a future generation, to prevent the conversion of the only *play-house* sanctioned by law, into a menagerie or a circus, at the mere caprice of an avaricious or profligate manager. It is possible that at no very distant period, some individual of less modesty than the present proprietors of our national theatres, may convert those spectacles into the means of licentiousness, that are now the instruments of avarice; and that a wretched individual may be fond of exhibiting the most splendid and ingenious equestrian entertainments, not because it gratifies the town, or replenishes his private purse, but because it facilitates the

display of his mistress in lascivious attitudes. The fate of the Secret Mine, however, may preclude the necessity of looking into futurity for evils more lamentable, than those which have a present existence.

When the curtain draws up a triangular bridge is discovered, at the foot of which Zobeide (Miss Feron) and her father, discourse on the merit of Araxo, a youth who had deserved by his exploits the favor of the Persian governor. Their conversation is interrupted by the appearance of the governor and his attendants, and the subsequent entrance of Araxo himself. Though the bridge is apparently in the midst of a wilderness, this does not prevent the monarch from discoursing with the hero on affairs of state, and informing him that if he aspires to the honor of his daughter's hand, he must first deserve it by disclosing the *secret of the mine.* This mine is inhabited by a race of Hindoos, who know not the use of riches, and are secured from the necessity of warlike preparation by the secret which Ismael wishes to discover; yet strange to say they shew themselves in the progress of the story to be very expert in military tactics, and to be provided with a supply of ordnance consisting of one brass cannon and two musquets. Araxo shrinks with abhorrence from the idea of betraying his country's safeguard, but distracted at the thoughts of losing Zaphira (Mrs. H. Johnston) he dissembles, and obtains of Ismael a respite, for consideration, till the next morning.

Scene the second. Liston afflicted with love and hunger reveals his sorrows to his mistress, who instead of relieving his miseries joins him in a duet. Scene the third and fourth, represent the exterior and interior of the mine into which Araxo enters by a secret opening. He orders the Hindoos to convey the treasures of the mine, so useless to them, to an adjoining cavern. Scene the fifth, he returns to the palace, having sent before him specimens of the riches he had deposited in the earth; the governor receives him with joy, but the daughter "cannot think" of marrying a traitor to his country, and reproaches him

with his perfidy. He finds it necessary to inform her by what artifice he had cheated her father, and this paragon of heroines, who had just expressed her abhorrence of his treachery to a host of barbarians, flies into the arms of a man who has imposed on the weakness and credulity of her parent. Scene the sixth—Araxo leads Zaphira to the altar, but just as the nuptials are about to be celebrated, a messenger arrives from a traitorous Hindoo which unfolds Araxo's artifice. The hero is sent to prison, and Zaphira conveyed to the interior of the palace.

Act the second, scene the first, exhibits a view of a castle with a moat and a drawbridge. Liston comes in with articles of Chinese workmanship. By the luckiest accident imaginable, his old sweetheart Zobeida meets him in her morning dress at a fortress in all probability a hundred miles from the scene of former dalliance. They are not all surprized at seeing each other so unexpectedly. Zobeida has found a letter: Liston amuses the guards by shewing them various toys of Chinese workmanship, and, taking out a kite, fastens the letter to its back. By the luckiest chance imaginable, it flies to the very grating of Araxo's prison; by a chance equally lucky, he happens to be amusing himself at the time of their arrival, by viewing the prospect before him; and by an accident not less fortunate, the letter is discovered to be from his dearest Zaphira, who promises to come to his deliverance. She informs him that by the touching of a secret spring, his grating may be opened, and at the requisite signal he may escape. At the time appointed she arrives; rows her boat beneath his window; and then lands on the edge of the moat. Here again the ingenious author is indebted to one of those lucky accidents which had contributed to the progress of the preceding scenes. While Zaphira is landing, all the sentinels are very conveniently out of the way: nor do they arrive till she has fairly concealed herself behind a buttress; but accidents are not less useful to retard the progress of a melodrama than to forward it: the boat drifts from that side of

the moat to the other, and Zaphira and her lover are in despair. In the mean time a shower of rain comes on, and the centinels place their muskets out of its reach beneath a friendly arch-way: for the better carrying on of the plot, they are less careful of their persons than their arms, and sit cross-legged on the grass, while Zaphira sallies from her hiding place, and throws their musquets into the river. At this moment Araxo touches the spring and descends from his grating. He and the gentle Zaphira overpower the ferocious soldiers, and nothing remains but to gain the opposite side of the moat. But how is this to be accomplished? The noble youth is unable to swim, and the boat has drifted beyond his reach: he has no aptitude for drowning, and if he stays he will fall into the hands of the executioners. At the very crisis of his despair, a band of retainers arrive, who by throwing a tree across the moat afford him a safe passage to the opposite shore. Now the curious reader, who may have sympathized all this while in the miseries of these devoted lovers, will no doubt suppose that the moat was at least twenty lines deep, "broad and unfathomable." It is not usual for boats to drift in a puddle, and it might be supposed that where other men could walk a prince might wade. But that these are the conjectures of ignorance, may be proved by the evidence of the authors of the *Secret Mine*. The retainers who fell the tree very coolly walk into the "wide waste of waters," that had excited so much terror in the prince, without suffering the most trivial inconvenience. So great is the superiority of Covent Garden genius to all the laws of common sense and probability!

But now that the godlike prince has obtained a safe footing for his mistress and himself, he hears the footsteps of approaching enemies. He hurries her across the bridge, but just as she gains the middle, she is alarmed by the report of a musquet. It would have occurred to a common heroine, that to fly from her enemies was

just as easy and as prudent, as to retreat in the direction from which the noise proceeded. But Zaphira is no common heroine; she runs into the arms of her pursuers, and the great and godlike Araxo, instead of fighting in her defence, or waiting to see the issue, makes a precipitate retreat at the other end of the bridge. To heighten the effect of this absurdity, he takes her by the hand as she is retreating, and since she runs as fast as him, there is no reason why even after her first alarm, they might not have escaped together.

Scene the 2d. Liston and Zobeide (Miss Feron) are brought before the governor. They are surrounded by guards, but so trivial a circumstance does not prevent them from talking aside. Scene the third. Zaphira, in the disguise she had assumed for the purpose of facilitating her lover's escape, is brought before her father. She discloses herself, and he orders her to be placed under a guard, with an Amazon for a companion. The captain of the guard is resolved to attempt Zaphira's virtue, and therefore is anxious to get the Amazon out of the way. Zaphira comes forth disguised in Camilla's dress; and he orders the guard to conduct her without the walls of the city. Shortly afterwards the Amazon herself appears. He breathes revenge for the trick put upon him, and fights her. She kills him; another flies to his assistance, and he also falls beneath her Amazonian prowess. Scene the fourth; A wood. Zaphira having fled from the capital, arrives on the borders of the mine. Her enemies pursue her: the entrance to the mine, (which entrance she is not supposed to know) is too high for a common escalade; a band of soldiers, from whence we know not, form a ladder of their shields, up which her courser bounds, into the secret mine: she is followed by her father's troops, and the next scene is equally surprizing and unintelligible. The clattering of hoofs the crash of rocks, and the explosion of musquetry, all denote a terrible combat. A wooden horse falls from a precipice upon the stage, Zaphira after galloping in

and out, is at length discovered on foot with dishevelled locks, and in tattered drapery. In the heat of the contest, a servant wheels a cannon with the most amiable civility to one side of the stage, which Zaphira aims and fires with due deliberation. We suppose that it decides the contest, for the basaltic pillars fall in, and several steeds ride into the scene, that they may ride off again. Noise and confusion take possession of the stage, and the curtain drops, amidst the groans and execrations of the audience. How the plot terminates, or what may be the meaning of the last scene, we confess ourselves unable to discover. That there is a fight, and that many of the combatants are equestrian is evident; but the meaning of their evolutions is known only to the inventor of the spectacle.

The wit of the piece is confined to a couple of puns in the mouth of Liston, who swears by the *head* of the great Long Chin, and declares to the governor that "he never knew that it was death to get one's living." The language of the dialogue is vulgar without plainness, and obscure without energy. The only attempt at character is in the introduction of Liston as a Chinese servant; but such has been the want of skill in the combination of the incidents, and such the paucity of talent in the composition of the dialogue, that in spite of the peculiarities of his features, and the effect communicated to their expression by the nakedness of his forehead, he excites no merriment but that which greets his entrance on the scene.

But its great defect is the want of discrimination in the selection and developement of the incidents. There is a great deal of trick, but it is wholly ineffective. Even the splendor of the scenery and the dresses, only adds to the mortification of the audience. It is impossible to witness such costly and mighty preparations, without contrasting their magnificence with the paltry nonsense that they are intended to aggrandise and embellish: nor does the speculative profusion of the managers, excite any other emotion than that, with which an observer

would contemplate the death of a cat in a storm of thunder and lightning, or the descent of Jupiter to assist the manual dexterity of a shoe-black.

The splendor of the last scene, the sword dance between Mrs. Parker and her attendant Amazons, and the ascent of Mrs. Johnstone up the declivity formed by the shields of the soldiers, alone commanded the forbearance of the audience. But when the curtain dropped one universal hiss announced their opinion of its merits. It was decidedly and deservedly condemned; and though the managers, unwilling to sit down with a total and irretrievable loss, desperately persevere in its repetition, their obstinacy must be soon corrected by the necessary diminution of their receipts.

The truth is, that they anticipated the success of any piece in which the horses should appear: and the lesson they have just received may teach them the imprudence as well as the impropriety, of administering to the public taste for splendor and spectacle. If one piece out of three of this kind fail of success, the circumstance must do away with the profits of the two that have preceded it: and it becomes, therefore, a question of self-interest, whether the attraction of a legitimate entertainment, which if it succeeds, is moderately productive, and if it fails, subjects the managers to no comparative expence, would not "in the long run" be more beneficial to their purses, than the alternate success and failure of costly spectacles, which if they be sometimes enormously profitable, must be not less frequently the source of pecuniary involvement.

By their return from the error of their ways, the rational and the irrational part of the public would be equally gainers. Equestrian spectacles are only pleasing when in their proper sphere, and with a proscenium and accompaniments accordant with such exhibitions. No one can witness the awkward preparations for the Secret Mine, by nailing to the front of the stage a row of foot timbers for the horses, without resolving whenever

he wishes to be amused by similar spectacles, to transport himself to Astley's as the proper scene of *Houynnhnkmic* excellence. Between the spectacles of the two places, as exhibiting, in a just and proper point of view, the sagacity and agility of the horse, there is no comparison.*

The length to which we have already extended our remarks, precludes the possibility of doing justice to the managers of the Pantheon, and the Opera-house. The proprietors of the former place have been compelled by the Lord Chamberlain to affix to their advertisements a declaration of five architects, all pronouncing the theatre, after the expence bestowed on its alteration, to be *unsafe*. Our readers will remember that Colonel Greville withdrew his licence on the ground of the insecurity of the building: we are now assured from authority that the danger has not been obviated, and yet the Colonel permits the managers to act beneath the sanction of the legal document.

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* Since this article was written the piece has been considerably altered, and on the second night, with the aid of 500 orders, was forced upon the town.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Green Arbour-court, Old Bailey, London.